A MIDSHIPMAN AT LARGE
CHARLES REMINGTON TALBOT

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MIDSHIPMAN AT LARGE

A STORY OF NEWPORT AND OCEAN YACHTING

BY

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Royal Lowrie
Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St Olaves
Honor Bright
A Double Masquerade

ILLUSTRATED

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A MIDSHIPMAN AT LARGE.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

MIDSHIPMAN — or, to speak exactly, an Acting or Cadet Midshipman — is a student at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. A Midshipman At Large is a midshipman who, instead of being nominated from a particular District and by a Member of Congress, has received his appointment through the President. Flagler Hamlyn was a Midshipman At Large. At the time of the opening of this story he felt himself to be a midshipman at large

in a double sense. He was just starting off on his "leave of absence."

When the United States Government takes charge of a young gentleman for the purpose of making a sailor of him, it does not permit him to go home every two or three weeks, or at Christmas and Easter, or even indeed, for a long vacation each summer. Once only during his course, for forty days at the close of his second year (although, I believe, the allowance has of late become somewhat more generous), is leave of absence granted to a cadet-midshipman. Except during such leave he is, ordinarily, not allowed outside the Academy or city limits, and is subject constantly to a system that is of necessity extremely rigid and that regulates for him the minutest details of his daily life. Everything he does is done to the firing of a gun or the beating of a drum; he may not change his cap for a straw hat or lay aside his overcoat except as ordered by the Commandant; and his very attitude at the blackboard and the way he shall set his foot upon a ladder is carefully prescribed for him in that formidable volume of Regulations which

is commended to his careful attention upon his first arrival at the School. However enthusiastic as to his chosen profession a young man may be, and however devoted to his preparation for it, leave of absence from such routine and discipline as this cannot be otherwise than grateful even though that leave be but for forty days. Happy the midshipman who is just entering upon those forty days, with every one of them still before him.

Flagler Hamlyn was certainly in the best of spirits as, in company with his friend Merivale, he entered the railroad car that was to bear them northward, one bright June morning, and noisily throwing over one of the seats took possession of the two with boisterous formality "in the Name of the United States of America." Those passengers who had already taken their places looked sharply up, rather disposed to resent all this disturbance; but their feeling quickly changed to one of interest and indulgence as their eyes rested upon our hero. Very rarely indeed did people look long at Flagler Hamlyn and remain offended with him, whatever his offence. There was a certain charm about the

boyish, handsome face and sturdy, square-built figure that, somehow, was very powerful to turn away wrath — a charm by no means lessened by the alert, soldierly air and the jaunty naval uniform, always romantically suggestive to the civic imagination. It may be added here, while we are speaking of him thus personally, that he was five feet three inches in height (they are very exact in these matters at the Naval Academy), weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, was in the seventeenth year of his age, and, on the Merit-roll of his class as published in the last Annual Register, stood ninth in the list — a very creditable position when it is remembered that there were forty-seven names that followed his.

Merivale presently, when they were fairly started, went off through the train "to see who was on board;" so Flagler settled himself comfortably in his seat with his feet crossed upon the cushion opposite, and gave himself up to the silent enjoyment of the situation. Outside the window the bright summer landscape faster and faster went flashing by; and along with it, by a half conscious motion

of the hand, the lad seemed to dismiss and leave behind all that was restraining and irksome in life. No more *reveille* and *tattoo* and *taps;* no more study and recitation ; no more seamanship exercise and gunnery practice and tedious drill and parade. For forty days — a perfect affluence of vacation time it seemed to him as he looked forward to it — all this was done with and put away. For forty days he was "his own man," subject to no Regulations, free to go where he pleased and do anything he liked, provided always that he conducted himself "as an officer and a gentleman." *That* was the one rule of the Service which could never be left behind ; it must be taken with him everywhere ; and, however free he might be as to all other rules, by that he must always be bound.

With head thrown back and eyes half closed, Flagler was dreamily thinking of all this when the train halted for a moment at a way station. Then suddenly he became aware that a young person of the opposite sex was standing with her gloved hand resting on the back of the seat before him, looking down at him somewhat aggressively and

asking him a question. She had bright black eyes, was modishly dressed, and was about his own age. So much he realized before he comprehended what it was she wanted. Then he hurriedly took his feet down from the seat and jumped up to turn it over for her. She was too quick for him, however, and turned it herself, dropping it into its place with an emphasis plainly intended to express her detestation of young gentlemen who put their feet upon the seats of railroad cars and occupied four times as many places as they paid for. It was a confused sense of this and a sudden desire to say something to set himself right that lead Hamlyn to exclaim:

"I beg your pardon! I didn't know — I — that is — I thought this was an express train and didn't stop anywhere." Then, recovering himself, he added with a touch of native assurance, laughing a little, "I suppose, though, that when the engineer saw it was a lady, he stopped the train for her out of politeness."

The young lady raised her eyebrows and let her black eyes rest upon him a single moment longer.

If this was offered as an apology, she evidently did not accept it.

"The engineer is more polite than some of his passengers," she observed curtly. Then she turned her back upon him and sat down, taking out a book a moment later, and beginning to read.

Flagler sank back in his seat again, conscious of having been snubbed and, after a little, rather amused by the fact and disposed to admire the competent manner in which the operation had been performed. He observed his neighbor quietly for a few moments; but as her face was now invisible and as she seemed quite to have forgotten his existence, the occupation soon ceased to afford him entertainment and he fell to looking out of the window again, softly whistling to himself a bar of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" that had been running in his head ever since the night of the annual hop. And presently, among other things, there came into his mind — suggested perhaps by the vicinity of the girl in the seat before — the thought of a certain cousin of his whom he had not seen since she was a little girl but who had, even then,

impressed herself so strongly upon his imagination that he looked forward to meeting her again (as in a few hours, now, he expected to do) with no little pleasure. Indeed, strangely enough perhaps, this meeting with his school-girl cousin was almost the only thing to which he looked forward with pleasure as he thought of his uncle's family, to which he was going. Flagler expected to have a good time in his vacation; but this not so much with the help of the people with whom he was to spend it as in spite of them. All this however, and the reasons for it, will best appear from a conversation which presently took place between him and Merivale. For while he was thinking of his cousin Constance and pensively wondering if he should find her grown up into such a stunning young lady as this girl in front of him ("stunning" seemed to him to be the proper word as he recalled the effect that her appearance had produced upon himself) his friend came back and sat down beside him.

"You didn't find anybody you knew?" said Flagler.

"No — nobody in particular. Besides, I wanted

to talk to *you*." Then Merivale laid his hand affectionately on Flagler's knee. "Flag, old fellow, I *wish* you'd change your mind and come out to Michigan with me. I'd give all my old collars and cuffs if you would. Every one of my seven sisters would be glad to see you. Come now, why can't you? You said yourself that those folks of yours up North River didn't care a pin whether you spent your leave with them or not."

Flagler laughed. "Did I say that?" said he. "Then I'm afraid I didn't tell the exact truth. I'm inclined to think on the whole that they care a good many pins. They'd willingly give a whole paper, I've no doubt, to have me stay away." He laughed again, not at all depressed apparently by the fact stated. In truth, it was not Flagler's way to be depressed by anything.

"Did you get your answer to the letter you wrote 'em?"

"No. At least, none had come up to eight o'clock this morning."

"And it was over a week ago you wrote." Merivale was indignant. "A nice lot *they* are!"

"Well," said Flagler easily, "I told them I was coming anyway; and I suppose they thought it wasn't any use writing back. It was understood, when I first came to the Academy, that I should spend my leave with them. That is uncle Hervey and I so understood it. The rest of 'em didn't have much to say about it. They were starting for Europe somewhere about that time."

"They might at least have written and asked you," declared Merivale.

"Why, bless you, they didn't know when my leave was. Indeed, I wouldn't wonder if they had forgotten altogether that there was such a person as I in existence, till they got my letter. You see, I never had much to do with 'em. When my father and mother died, half a dozen years ago, uncle Hervey — he was mother's half-brother — he wrote and offered to take me to live with him. But then his wife interfered and said she couldn't have me there to be brought up with her own children; and so I was sent off to boarding-school instead, and kept there, vacations and all. And by and by, just before the family went abroad, there

came this chance for an appointment to the Academy; and aunt Emmeline thought it would be a good way to dispose of me for good, and so uncle Hervey got it for me. Uncle Hervey is a pretty good sort of a man himself, — only, of course, he has to do more or less as his wife says. And then, with his business and all, he has a good deal to think of. Aunt Emmeline is a fashionable woman, all for style and show. They live in great shape up there on the Hudson, I tell you!"

"How many of them are there?" inquired Merivale, much interested.

"Well, beside my uncle and aunt, there are Percy and Constance, my two half-cousins; and there's a smaller cousin, boy or girl I don't know which. I used to visit there when I was a child, and I remember I thought Constance was a very nice little girl indeed. Percy was a big, overgrown baby who was always imposing on his sister. I recollect I had to thrash him four or five times while I was there. That was one reason why aunt Emmeline didn't like me. She thought everything of Percy." Flagler paused a moment and

added absently, "But of course they are all changed a great deal since then. I shall be quite interested to see what kind of people they have become."

Just at this stage of the conversation the train drew up again, and the young lady in the seat before hastily replaced her book in her bag and arose to leave the car. As she did so, she turned swiftly, as if moved by a new and quite uncontrollable curiosity, and her eyes for a single instant again rested on our hero. The next moment she was gone.

"That young lady will know you again, I fancy, the next time she sees you," observed Merivale. "Who is she? Do you know her?"

Flagler shook his head. He also was wondering at the peculiar look the stranger had given him. But he did not find himself able to explain it to himself and presently, the conversation being resumed, it passed from his mind.

At Philadelphia the two midshipmen parted, Merivale turning off westward and Flagler going on at once to New York.

Arrived at the latter city, our hero proceeded at once, on foot, to his uncle's office which was not

far from the ferry. Here he learned — to his no small disappointment, for he had depended upon seeing his uncle first — that Mr. Prettyman was out of town and would not be back for a day or two.

"Has he gone home — up the river?" he asked.

"He has gone home — to Newport," was the answer. "The family are all there, at their summer residence."

Flagler drew up his lips and was very near whistling. This was unexpected news. He had not even been aware that his relations had a summer residence at Newport. He nodded his head thoughtfully once or twice, and then, observing that he would call again, he took his departure.

Outside the door he permitted the whistle to escape his lips. "Gone to Newport, eh?" He walked slowly along debating with himself what he should do. "Well," he at length continued, "I've always heard that Newport was a nice place. I don't know that I have any objection to going to Newport. I certainly don't care to waste any of my leave here in New York. I wonder what time one starts for Newport."

He bought a paper of one of several news-boys who at that moment beset him, whereupon those of the group whom he had not patronized indulged themselves, as he turned away, in some quite audible and not entirely flattering remarks as to his personal appearance. He caught the phrases "tellygraph mess'nger" and "coat with the tails cut off" and realized that it was his cadet jacket that was the immediate object of their derision. He laughed as he passed on; nevertheless he was not a little annoyed and he resolved to get himself at once into citizen's dress.

He learned from his paper that a certain line of boats left for Newport at half-past five. It yet wanted some hours of that, so he went and got his dinner at a hotel near by, his trunk being sent for meanwhile and taken to a room. After dinner he went up-stairs and set about examining his effects, from which he at length selected a "jumper" of blue flannel such as is permitted to be worn at odd times at the Naval Academy; a pair of pantaloons of the same material; a blue shirt with a broad, rolling collar; and a black silk handker-

chief. These he carefully inspected, one by one, as he took them out; and then, surveying them as a whole, he seemed to make up his mind that they would do.

"The coat is rather soiled and worn," murmured he, "and that flannel shirt will be anything but dressy. But it won't matter for a day or two. I'll order me a suit of clothes as soon as I get where I can. I'm bound I won't wear my uniform another hour. It looks too much as if I were trying to show off — like those fellows that come home from the private 'military schools.'"

A few minutes later as he stood before the glass in his new dress and with even the cord and anchor stripped from his cap, he acknowledged to himself that at least he was no longer liable to the charge of "trying to show off." He was entirely changed, looking every inch a sailor still but by no means the spruce young cadet he had lately appeared. He nodded to himself in the glass.

"A pretty fellow, *you* are," he cried, appearing on parade in such shape as that! Four demerits, if you please, for slovenly dress." He laughed

gayly. "I wonder what my aunt Emmeline will think of me now. Why, she'll set her pug at me." Then he uttered a sudden exclamation. "What in the name of the Board of Visitors — "

While he stood there he had mechanically drawn forth from his inside pocket a bundle of papers, one of which he was now regarding with an expression of dismay. It was the letter he had written to his uncle more than a week ago, informing him of his intended visit. He had neglected to mail it and it had been in his pocket all the while. He looked at it a moment and then, with a low whistle, put it back.

"If you want your letters safely delivered," said he, "always deliver them yourself."

Then he rang the bell for a hackman and hurried off to the boat.

CHAPTER II.

AT NEWPORT.

FLAGLER was awakened the next morning by the report of a gun. He opened his eyes believing himself, for the moment, in his accustomed quarters at the School. But he listened in vain for the accompanying drum-beat; and by the light which came in through the window of his stateroom he presently perceived where he really was. The report, he reflected, must have been that of morning gun-fire at Fort Adams; and if so, they were almost into Newport. He jumped up at once and, quickly dressing, went out upon the forward deck.

Flagler had never been at Newport in his life, but the scene which now met his eye seemed almost a familiar one, so often had he read of it and pictured it to himself. To the right, already

nearly passed, the frowning walls of Fort Adams rose from the water's edge, with the national colors above them fresh-flung to the morning air. Farther on, beyond Brenton's Cove, was Lime Rock, home of Ida Lewis, the light in its little tower not yet extinguished. And then our hero's eye, following the long curve of the shore with its villa-crowned slopes, rested upon the town itself, lying quiet and peaceful in the early morning, quaint and romantic as of old in spite of the modern wealth and fashion that has so thoroughly taken possession there. And then, casting his eyes to port, Flagler observed, too, what he knew must be the Torpedo Station upon Goat Island, where Fort Wolcott and the attractive officers' cottages lay shining in the sun. All about in the Bay numerous coasting schooners and shore craft were scattered, lazily waiting for a breeze from the land to help them up to the wharves. They reeled to and fro, their blocks creaking and their sails flapping noisily, as the great steamer swept past. Close in shore, an object of special interest to the young sailor, a handsome sloop yacht was lying at

anchor, her sails and cordage snugly stowed and with no soul visible on board.

Flagler, along with numerous other passengers, gave up his ticket at the gangway and made his way across the plank to the shore. There were carriages at hand in plenty, but he declined the pressing invitations of their drivers and went up the wharf on foot. He had, for the moment, no definite idea as to where he was going, save that he meant to get some breakfast. After that it would be time enough to set about the finding of his relatives. His trunk he did not trouble himself about. It had been checked to Newport, and he was aware that checked baggage may be trusted to take care of itself.

Turning to the left on Thames street and making inquiry, he found his way before long to a large and inviting though at that hour not very well patronized restaurant, which he entered, seating himself at one of the tables and ordering his breakfast of a colored waiter, the sole occupant of the room. While he was waiting for his lamb chops, feeling inclined to conversation, he addressed himself to

the servant who had seated himself, after giving the order, and was now regarding his customer with that lofty superiority of which the habitual resident of Newport is always conscious in the presence of a temporary sojourner. Possibly, too, the costume of the visitor was not entirely to the African's fastidious taste.

"So this is Newport, is it?" began Flagler, looking over at him.

"Yessah," answered the waiter with no great respect for such a question. "Dis is de city ob Noopawt."

"It seems to be a tidy little place," remarked Flagler. "What time do people get up here?"

The negro stared. Then with pardonable pride he answered, "Noopawt people don't hev no reg'lar hour f'r gitt'n up, sah. Dey gits up w'en dey pleases."

"Oh!" Flagler laughed. "I suppose you are acquainted with all the people of consequence, arn't you?" he asked.

"Yessah," replied the other with dignity. "I know all de people what's *wuf* knowin'."

"Do you know anything about a family by the name of Prettyman? Mr. Hervey S. Prettyman of New York?"

"Well, den" — loftily — "I sh'd tink I *did.* Why, I see members ob dat fam'ly go by yere eb'ry day — 'n sometimes mo' too. It's Mis'r Prettyman w'at owns dat yawt w'at come down day fo' yist'd'y. She's in de harbor now."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Flagler with interest. Then, after a moment, "You can tell me where they live, then?"

"Live right back yere just offn de Av'noo." The speaker jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Give me the exact courses, will you?"

"Whassah?"

"Direct me to it — so that I can find it."

"Oh! Well, sah, d'ye know whar de *C'sino* is?"

Flagler shook his head.

"Uumph! Know whar de Ocean House is?"

The inquirer could only shake his head again.

"Well, yer go up *yere* a bit —" The thumb was again jerked over the speaker's shoulder. "Yer go up dis street a bit — de one w'at goes by here

— an' den arsk de fus' puss'n yer meet wharbouts is der C'sino. W'en yer git *dar* ye arsk de *nex'* fus' pusson wharbouts Mis'r Prettyman lives. Mos' anybody 'll tell yer — anybody 't knows any-t'ing. W'at yer go'n' t' see *him* f'r? Go'n t' hire out bo'd his yawt?"

Flagler laughed out at this. "Well, that's an idea. D'ye think he'd have me?" He looked down at himself, still laughing.

"I und'stan' he's lookin' f'r a crew. She's jus' ben all fixed over up Prov'dunce way somewhars."

Flagler did not reply to this. He had grown suddenly thoughtful and sat twirling round and round the caster on the table.

"Well, that *is* an idea!" he repeated to himself.

Then there came a sepulchral call from the cubby hole and his breakfast was set before him.

Upon leaving the restaurant, Flagler did not, however, take his way up the adjacent street according to the directions he had received. It still seemed to him rather early to present himself at his uncle's house. And besides there was some-

thing now of which he wished to think. He turned up a street farther on and, sauntering along without minding very much where he was going, he came out presently — as one is apt to do in Newport under such circumstances — upon Touro Park. Here the Old Stone Mill, easily recognized without guide or guide-book, attracted him.

He did not, however, as he stood looking up at it, find himself speculating in the usual fashion as to its original builders and uses. It was not connected in his mind with any thought of Scandinavians or Indians or early English settlers. Its chief interest for him lay in the fact that it had been the scene of certain incidents in that wonderful romance — dear, doubtless, to every boy who reads these pages as it was to Flagler Hamlyn — the *Red Rover*. He was aware, of course, that the story was but a romance; but its personages, dreamed over so often in days gone by, were quite as real to him, to say the least, as are to the Antiquarian his Norse explorers; and as he gazed upon the ivied structure Flagler almost expected to see the angry Wilder appear at one of the open-

ings above and shout after the vanishing Rover, who had so coolly drawn away the ladder and left his companion imprisoned in the upper story.

And, oddly enough, this scene of the narrative, as our hero recalled it, suddenly connected itself with and gave shape to a plan that he had been vaguely turning over in his mind ever since leaving the restaurant. The young naval officer in Cooper's tale, laying aside his uniform, had appeared here at Newport in the guise of a common sailor, meeting with many romantic and exciting adventures in consequence. In the same manner, why should not *he*, Flagler Hamlyn, a young naval officer also, having laid aside *his* uniform and looking, at the present moment, as much like a common sailor as anything — why should not he appear to his relatives thus disguised, something as Wilder had done? In short, here was his uncle Hervey's yacht, lying in the harbor and, he had been informed, in want of a crew. Why should he not go and ship himself on board of her as a foremast hand? He had no doubt as to his sailorly qualifications, of course; and he felt quite certain that

he should not be recognized. None of the family except his uncle had seen him for years, nor had Mr. Prettyman himself met him since his first go-going to Annapolis. And they none of them had the slightest idea as yet of his being in their vicinity. The joke certainly would be a quite harmless one and doubtless very entertaining. At any rate, if he got tired of it, he could end it at any moment by declaring who he really was.

Such was the plan which now definitely formed itself in Flagler's mind. Possibly, without his being aware of it, the fact that it postponed the time of his presenting himself in his own person at a house where he feared he should be unwelcome, went far to recommend the project. He would be able thus to ascertain beforehand, what his cousins were like, and become somewhat acquainted with them; and then he should be able to appear to better advantage in asserting his relationship.

Not quite resolved upon the scheme however even yet, although thinking of it now almost excitedly, Flagler started down toward the docks again. On the head of the wharf next to that at

which the steamer had landed he sat down upon the cap-log and looked off toward the yacht. She was a beautiful object to look upon. Her polished brass work and fresh black paint fairly glittered in the sunlight; her shapely hull rose and fell upon the water as though she had been modelled from cork; and her straight, slender spars and all the delicate network of her standing and running rigging stood out against the background of morning sky as distinct and perfect as they could have been drawn upon a piece of paper. There was a small boat lying at her side, and smoke was rising from the cook-room, showing that there was life on board. While Flagler was looking at her, a man came on deck forward and scraped a dish over the side; and a moment later another person, in uniform and probably the sailing master, came from the cabin and sat down near the wheel. Breakfast was evidently just over.

From a man who was bailing out a sail-boat alongside the wharf, Flagler presently was able to hire a row-boat, jumping into which he rapidly sculled himself out to the yacht.

CHAPTER III.

EXAMINATION FOR THE YACHTING SERVICE.

LAGLER plied his oar less vigorously as he drew near the yacht, presently ceasing his efforts altogether and letting the boat drift slowly up under the vessel's stern. The sailing master looked up from his paper. Flagler felt sure now that he *was* the sailing master. His yachting cap was perfectly plain and the only ornament of his single-breasted sack coat was a silver anchor worn high up upon the right sleeve.

He was a large, plain man from whose homely face no amount of exposure had been able to

erase the expression of hearty kindliness and good humor that nature had given it.

"A fine morning, Captain," observed our hero pleasantly.

The sailing master regarded the new comer curiously, waiting several seconds before he answered. And when he did speak it was with a peculiarly moderate tone and manner. "Wall, yes. It *is* a fine mornin'. Fine es any they hev in Boston, I'll be bound."

"You have a fine boat there, too," said Flagler. "As fine as any they have in Boston, I'll be bound."

"Humph! That wouldn't be sayin' much!" was the response. The sailing master, being connected with the New York Yacht Club himself, entertained, possibly, rather a low opinion of all more easterly organizations.

"What do you call her?" inquired Flagler.

"She's called the Ori*vaw*."

"*Orivaw?*" The lad repeated the name, but could make nothing of it. He did not ask again however but gave his oar a twist, bringing himself

into a position from which he could read the name on the stern of the yacht. It was *Au Revoir*. "Oh!" said he. And then, "Seems to me that's an odd name for a vessel, isn't it? I don't just see the point of it."

"Folks most gen'rally don't," said the master, "till she sails away from 'em and shows 'em her stern. They see it *then* fast enough. She bids 'em 'good-by' in plain English then."

Flagler laughed, his genuine, hearty laugh. "She leaves 'em all behind her, does she?"

The skipper laughed too, a long, silent kind of laughter exactly in keeping with his manner of speech. "Wall, she *hes*, so fur. I sailed her all las' summer, an' there warn't nary sloop of her size could begin to keep up with her, on the wind or afore it. An' she's b'en lengthened and sharpened sence, an' hed her spars stretched. O, I'll *resk* her! There's an English feller over here with a cutter. There's some chance of his comin' down next week an' givin' us a try. Ef he does, we'll give him all he wants, I reckon. He's won seven races sence the twentieth o' May, an' he's

got t' thinkin' that nobody c'n beat him. P'r'aps the Ori*vaw* may teach him a thing or two."

"How long is she, now?" Flagler inquired, looking the *Au Revoir* over with professional interest.

The sailing master doubled up the newspaper which he had been reading and tossed it into the boat.

"There's a description of her there," said he. "It's up at the top o' the page, there — third column."

Then, while the lad was reading, the skipper again looked him over, apparently a good deal pleased by the young fellow's looks and ways. Possibly he was thinking to himself what a fine young sailor he would make.

The paper was a certain New York daily whose "yachting notes" are always numerous and reliable. Flagler quickly discovered among them the following paragraph, given here because it may also prove of interest to the reader:

The *Au Revoir*, N. Y. Y. C., owned by Mr. Percy Prettyman of this city, one of the most enthusiastic of our younger

yachtsmen, has lately been hauled up at Bristol, R. I., where she has been undergoing a thorough overhauling and, indeed rebuilding. Six feet have been added to her length, a new bow has been given her, and her spars have been altered and lengthened with a special view to increasing her speed. The *Au Revoir* is one of the finest and costliest sloops in commission, and last season, in her race with the *Boadicea* and afterwards in the last Club Regatta, she proved herself to be one of the fastest. She is now 58 feet over all; 17 feet beam and 5 feet deep. Her spars are — mast, 60 feet; topmast, 24 feet; bowsprit, outboard, 23 feet; boom, 48 feet; gaff, 26 feet. The *Au Revoir* is at present at Newport, from which place as her headquarters she will make short cruises during the summer. It is rumored that there is some prospect, next week, of a match race off Brenton's Reef between the *Au Reroir* and Mr. Cram's English cutter, the *Xanthippe*. Such a contest, if it can be arranged, will be viewed by the yachting world with intense interest, since it is generally believed that in the *Au Revoir* the British "mug-hunter" will at last find her match.

Flagler looked up when he had finished the notice: "So the *Au Revoir* is owned by Mr. Percy Prettyman, is she?"

The sailing master laughed. "Wall," said he, "it was Mr. *Hervey* Prettyman that bought and

paid for her, I guess. An' when he's aboard, he *owns* her, too. But he don't hev much time to go yachtin' himself. He's in New York most of the time. An' he lets Mr. Percy have the yacht. Mr. Percy, he wears two strips o' lace on his sleeve an' makes us call him Cap'n, an' I'm supposed to be under his orders. I gin'rally let him do pretty much es he pleases with the yacht. But" — the old sailor paused a moment here to indulge again in his peculiar laugh — "He! He! He! I hev my instructions, though. I hev my instructions."

"It must be great fun, this yachting business," observed Flagler. He was really becoming very much interested in the *Au Revoir* for her own sake; and it seemed to him that a midshipman might do a good deal worse with his leave-of-absence than spend it on board of her, even though it were as a foremast hand. So he added immediately, "I should like first-rate to sail with you. You don't want to ship a man, do you?"

"Wall, p'r'aps we do. We don't want t' ship no green-hands, though. We don't carry many men. 'N' what we do carry we want t' know somethin'."

"I don't rate myself as a green-hand," declared Flagler, with emphasis. "I claim to be an able-bodied seaman."

"Ever b'en t' sea?" inquired the skipper.

"Well, I've been coasting considerable — all along shore from here to Chesapeake Bay." This was true; though Flagler did not, of course, explain that it was on a "practice cruise" on board a government vessel.

"Think ye know all about a ship, do ye?"

"No; not that. But I'm not a green-hand by any means."

"Wall," said the master candidly, "you don't look like a green-hand either, I'll 'low." He seemed to reflect a moment. "Tell ye what I'll do," he suddenly continued. "We carry a mate, steward and three men. They're all shipped except one o' the men. Now I'm goin' to put ye half a dozen questions; an' if ye answer 'em all, satisfactorily, I'll ship ye for the other man."

"All right," aughed Flagler. "Hold on a bit, though. That's not quite fair — to make me answer *all* the questions. I'd only have to answer a

certain percentage if I was being examined for final promotion — in the Navy."

"Wall, ef ye answer four out o' the six, then — satisfactorily, ye know. How will that do?"

"That will do," assented Flagler.

"I want plain, straightfor'ard answers, mind ye. I don't want no luffin' and easin' off."

"All right. Pay 'em out."

"Pay 'em out it is, then," said the sailing master, suddenly sitting up straight and assuming an air of great gravity. "*Question First:* What are the names of the sails of a craft like this? I mean the ordinary fore an' aft sails. It would take a month o' Sundays to give the names of all these new-fangled rags they pile on a yacht in a race."

Flagler answered this question instantly and without even casting his eye over the sloop. "There is the mainsail," said he, "the gaff topsail, the foresail, jib and (if you like) the flying jib."

The sailing master nodded approvingly. "Very well," he pronounced. "So far, so good. Now

for *Question Second:* Ef that Englishman comes in here next week (which he won't: he don't dare give the Ori*vaw* a fair whack at him) what'll be the diff'runce betwixt his rig an' ours? He's an out-an'-out *cutter*, ye understand."

"That is," said Flagler, "you want me to tell you the difference between a sloop-rig and a cutter-rig?

"You answer the questions an' I'll put 'em."

"Well, if his boat is a cutter, she'll probably have her bowsprit fitted to run out and in instead of standing, as yours is; and her jib will be set flying. Will that do?"

The questioner nodded again. "Yes, that will do."

"That is two questions already," declared Flagler gleefully. "Ask me something harder." He was beginning to enjoy the affair.

"I don't want t' ask ye anything extr'ord'nary," said the master. "You'll know enough for *me* ef ye know the common things. *Question Third:* How'll ye go to work t' get this yacht under way?"

Flagler had no trouble in answering this question either. Indeed all of these things that he had been asked were like A B C to him. "I should first heave her short and then loose the sails, hoist the mainsail, trice up the tack and overhaul the main sheet. Then I should heave the anchor up; and when it was off the ground I should run up the foresail with sheet to the windward, helm down and boom well in. Then, as soon as the anchor is up, let draw the fore sheet, shift the helm, haul aft main sheet, set jib and down-tack of mainsail — and off you go." Flagler paused and laughed. "That is all right, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; and you talk like a book." The skipper was evidently pleased. "Why, I'm afeard ye'll know more'n the mate does. That'll never do."

"Go ahead with your questions," cried Flagler. "That is only three. I'm not off soundings yet." He sat eagerly waiting for the next one.

The skipper shut one eye and rolled the other slowly aloft, as though determined this time to find a "poser."

"What is a spinaker?" he at length asked. "That is *Question Fourth.*"

The candidate looked thoughtful. "I'm afraid you've got me, this time," said he, shaking his head. "I'll be whitewashed if I know what a spinaker *is.* I've read about 'em but never saw one. It is some sort of a new-fangled piece of canvas that it takes all hands to set and that invariably gets bungled in a race and makes the captain swear like a Lascar."

The old sailor, rather to our hero's surprise, seemed vastly to enjoy this answer, laughing over it to himself for several moments.

"You're right," uttered he. "I couldn't 'a' answered better myself. We've got a spinaker aboard the Ori*vaw*; but we don't use it only when we can't help it. As for swearin', we don't use *that* at all. Ye want to understand that, my lad."

"I have answered my four questions, then, have I?" asked Flagler.

"Yes; and satisfactory. You'll do! There ain't no doubt o' that. There's only one question more to ask, an' that is, What might your name be?"

"I suppose that even if I fail to answer that, I have passed my examination — having answered four out of the six?" said Flagler. This was really the hardest question of all and he wanted a little time at it.

"We gin'rally want some sort of a handle to call a man by, an' enter him on the Journal when we ship him. What do your friends call you?"

"My friends generally call me Flag," answered Flagler, with perfect truth.

"Flagg? Wall, Flagg is a good name enough. I sailed with a man named Flagg once, and an A one man he was — just the kind o' Flagg ye could nail to the mast and die under. What's y'r other name?"

"How would Thomas Flagg do?" returned Flagler smiling. He had prepared himself for this question.

The sailing master nodded. "Wall, Thomas Flagg, what d'ye 'xpect t' git — a month?"

Flagler hesitated. He had not the slightest idea what was the usual pay of a foremast hand on board a pleasure yacht; but he thought it best

not to display his ignorance. "I suppose," he ventured, "that I ought to have at least twelve dollars."

"Humph!" ejaculated the skipper. "We're accustomed to payin' thirty. You c'n take that or nothin'."

"O, well," said Flagler, "I'll take thirty, then."

"Very well. An' I want ye to begin duty at once. I've got t' send a note up to Mr. Percy. Where's your duds? Ye might go ashore an' git 'em while I write it."

Then Flagler, hardly able to realize yet that he was a newly-shipped hand on board a yacht, turned his boat about and — more slowly than he had come — sculled himself ashore.

His new position became more a reality to him however when, a little later, having returned on board with his trunk, he found himself presently arrayed in regulation yachting costume, with a visorless cap, marked *Au Revoir*, upon his head, and in his hand a missive which he was instructed to take up to Mr. Prettyman's house and deliver to Mr. Percy Prettyman.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRETTYMAN FAMILY.

MINDFUL of the waiter's instructions, and assisted by some further directions from Captain Holloway, Flagler once more turned his steps toward the town, on his way in good earnest now to his uncle's house.

As he reached Thames street, he said to himself that at last the place was awake and stirring — even the aristocratic portion of it, that "got up when it pleased." At the post-office, before the banks, and moving here and there along the street, he saw numerous strangely constructed but presumably genteel equipages, driven, many of them, by very fresh-faced young coachmen in very imposing suits of livery, and occupied for the most part by young gentlemen and ladies of evident fashion and position. Flagler found himself

looking for his aunt and cousins among these, though he was quite aware that he would not know them if he saw them.

However, he was very soon to meet them now and see what kind of people they had become. He quickened his pace, and laughed gayly to himself as he walked along by pleasant, well-swept walks, under green trees, picturing to himself all the charming possibilities of his newly conceived adventure.

The house which was pointed out to him as Mr. Prettyman's shall not here be minutely described lest it be recognized by those readers who are familiar with its locality. It was one of the older Newport mansions, amended and modernized, and, with its broad piazzas and canvas-hung balconies, looking very inviting and elegant as Flagler caught sight of it through the abundant shrubbery of the grounds into which he turned. Half way up the drive he met a youth of some nine or ten summers swaggering grandly down the path, his hands crammed deep into his pockets. He halted abruptly upon seeing the new comer.

"Hallo," cried he. "Who in Pernambuco are *you?*" The words were not uttered in a hostile spirit at all. They were simply a somewhat lordly demand for information.

"What do you know about Pernambuco?" asked Flagler good-humoredly. "Were you ever there?"

"No; but that's what Cap'n Holloway says."

"O," laughed Flagler. "Well, if Captain Holloway says it, I suppose it is all right. But hark you, my young friend, do you know there is one thing about you that I don't like?"

"Is that so?" asked the boy, greatly surprised.

"Yes, sir; I don't like the way you walk." Flagler suddenly assumed the attitude of a drill-master. "Come, now, Attention, Squad! Stand up straight. Head erect and eyes to the front. Arms hanging down with the elbows near the body. Knees straight. Heels together and on same line. Toes out. There! That's what we call the 'military attitude'; and it is the way every gentleman should carry himself. Above all, don't you ever let me see you again with your

hands in your pockets. Why, we shall have to do with you like they do at the — at the other side of the moon." Flagler was about to say "at the Academy," but he caught himself.

"How is that?" inquired the young gentleman.

"Why, they don't allow 'em to *have* any pockets." *

"Oh!" said the boy. He silently studied Flagler's appearance for a moment. Then, "Who *are* you, anyway?" he again demanded.

"I am one of the hands on board the *Au Revoir*. Who are you?"

"I am Master Theodore Dunn Prettyman. My father is Mr. Hervey S. Prettyman, the New York banker."

"Well, Master Theodore Dunn Prettyman, son of Mr. Hervey S. Prettyman, the New York banker, please tell me where I can find Mr. Percy Prettyman. I've a letter for him."

"*He* is my brother," said Master Theodore, holding out his hand. "You can leave it with me."

* "Side pockets in pants are not permitted."—*Regulations of the United States Naval Academy.*

"Excuse me, but my dispatches are private and important. I want to see him personally."

"O, all right," was the matter-of-fact response. "I guess he is 'round here somewhere. I'll ask Constance. Would you like to see Constance, too?"

"Well, yes," said Flagler, smiling, "I'd like to see Constance, too."

"Very well, she's right here." He raised his voice slightly and called out "Constance — O, *Constance;*" and, to our hero's dismay, a feminine voice replied at once from among the trees close at hand. "She's right here," the boy repeated, turning off to the left from the drive. "Come along."

Flagler, following almost perforce, suddenly found himself in the presence of a young lady seated in a leaf-embowered enclosure before a pretty ebony writing-desk which had evidently been brought out from the house. There was paper on the lid before her, and in her hand she held a pen. Master Theodore ushered him into the enclosure with a wave of the hand and then,

himself, drew back a little, though he did not depart. Flagler understood, of course, that this was his Cousin Constance. And, although at the moment he was not sufficiently at his ease to be observant, he realized that she was taller and more dignified than he had expected to find her and that she appeared delightfully fresh and pretty in her dainty muslin dress with a bit of blue ribbon skilfully fastened at the throat. She looked up at him with a calmly questioning glance that added to his discomposure. However, it was not his way to stand and blush and say nothing.

"Good morning," he began, pulling off his cap and bowing elaborately. "I beg pardon, but I did not know that anybody was so near." He had a feeling that she must have overheard what had passed between himself and Theodore.

The young lady rose from her chair, something of surprise adding itself to the question in her face. Taking him altogether, with his gentlemanly air and words, his fine, flushed face, and his ordinary sailor's costume, rather out of keeping with the rest, she did not know quite what to

make of this young person or just how she ought to receive him. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked. "Did you want to see — anybody?"

"I am from the yacht," he hastened to say; and he put on his cap again to assist in the explanation. "I wished to see Mr. Percy Prettyman. I have a note for him from Captain Holloway; and I was to wait for an answer, if he is about the place."

"O, you are one of the hands on the *Au Revoir*." Her manner, though it was not less kind, altered just a little as she understood, and Flagler felt himself relegated to his proper place in the social scale. "Well," she went pleasantly on, "I will see where Percy is." She took from him the note which he had brought. "Teddy" — to her younger brother — "you go and find Percy and give him this. Tell him the messenger is waiting for an answer." Then she told Flagler that he might sit down, indicating a rustic bench close by, at the same time resuming her own seat and taking up her pen again.

Flagler sat and waited, watching Miss Con-

stance at his ease now, since she appeared quite to have forgotten his own existence in the renewed composition of her letter. He admired her greatly as he looked at her, mentally pronouncing her a very nice girl indeed. And yet his admiration was not unmixed with a feeling of awe by no means usual with him in the presence of young ladies. There was something about her hardly describable in words, an air of mingled gentleness and dignity and purity, that made him feel at the moment just the least bit afraid of her. She was, it seemed to him, a girl in whose presence one would wish to appear at one's best and whom one would be sorry to have know of any mean or unworthy action one had done. His conscience smote him a little, now, as he wondered what she would think of him if she knew of the deception upon which he had entered.

Constance on her part was, possibly, not as forgetful of Flagler's presence as he modestly imagined. She was a girl of sympathy and imagination, always easily interested in other people; and from time to time, although she had resumed her

writing, her thoughts — and indeed her glance — reverted again to the young person opposite. She did not speak to him however, and the soft stillness of the place remained unbroken until, at length, a quick, assertive step was heard approaching along the drive. Flagler looked up and beheld now a third member of the interesting family with which he was so rapidly making acquaintance.

The newcomer was a lad of our hero's own age, presenting, as he drew near, an appearance such as is often seen upon our city streets and that might be described as the extreme of Young American fashion. He was dressed in a suit of dark clothes, the English walking coat buttoned tightly across his chest and, with the closely fitting trousers, calling attention to and exaggerating the slenderness of his figure. His Derby hat was absurdly large and overcoming; his collar was painfully high; his cuffs, fastened with link studs, protruded far below his coat sleeves almost concealing his white hands; and from his vest, where his coat was cut violently away, a handsome watch-chain was visible, looped to either pocket. He

carried his arms in a peculiar manner, holding them stiffly motionless with the elbows pointed out. He was a good-looking fellow enough but with a supercilious, conceited air. He held Captain Holloway's note between his fingers.

"So your name is Flagg, is it?" he said to Flagler, nodding carelessly. He had evidently gotten the name from the letter. "Well, I'm glad we've shipped our crew, at last. We shall need them all, next week. You tell Holloway that I heard from Mr. Cram this morning, and he will be here with his cutter by Monday at the farthest. As for those mattresses —" he paused and glanced at the letter. "Well, I might as well write it, I guess." He turned to his sister: "Constance, let me sit down there a minute, will you, till I write Holloway a note?" He stepped forward, almost pushing Constance aside and taking her place at the desk. She looked around, somewhat helplessly; and Flagler, with instinctive politeness, instantly got up from the bench so that she could sit down there, although there was ample room for two.

"Then the race is really coming off, next week?" she presently asked of her brother.

"Yes," answered Percy, scratching away at his note. And then, after a moment, "And we're going to beat him, too, you can just tell your people."

"What will the race be for?" asked Constance.

"For glory, chiefly. And for a cup — to be paid for by the loser."

"Percy, I *wish* I could go down with you, in the *Au Revoir*."

"What, in the race!" Percy looked up in indignant astonishment. "No *ma'am!* Women are bother enough on board a yacht at any time — and, of all times, in a race."

"But I should so like to," pleaded Constance. "I have always wanted to be on board one of the boats in a race; and now there is such a good chance, I think you might let me. Please do."

Percy shook his head with complete decision. "It is impossible," said he. "This race is a very important one. It will be in all the papers both sides of the Atlantic. I wouldn't lose it for a farm

out West. And I can't have a single person on board the *Au Revoir* beyond what is necessary."

Constance knew her brother too well to say more, but she looked thoroughly disappointed. Percy having finished his note began folding it.

"Besides," said he, "I am going to take you out for several days, as soon as the race is over — up the Bay and all around."

"I would much rather sail the race with you," Constance replied. And then she added, rather bitterly, "And I know very well you would not take me up the Bay if we were not to stop at Touisset, and you will of course see more of Jessie Buckner if I am with you."

Percy made no answer to this. But lifting the lid of the desk to get an envelope, he caught a glimpse of the letter his sister had been writing.

"Are you writing to Jessie Buckner now?" he asked.

Constance nodded.

"I tell you what," cried he. "I wish you would ask her down here to see the race. There'll be a steamer, and you can see it first-rate from on board.

Have her come down Saturday or Monday; and then, after the race, she can go on the cruise with us. Come now, will you, Conny?" It was his turn to entreat. "You would enjoy having her here as much as I."

"Yes," said Constance, "I would."

"Then why not ask her? Come now, there's a good girl."

"But she don't get to Grayview until to-morrow morning; and she won't want to come away again so soon."

"O, that won't make any difference. She can just run down for the race and then we can take her home again on the yacht." When Percy wanted anything, he was determined to have it. "Tell her I want her to come," said he. "Come, will you?"

"Well," assented Constance, "I will. I always do whatever you ask me, I believe."

"I believe you do," agreed Percy. "And you're a mighty good sister to have around."

"Except in races, and at other times when 'women are a bother,'" said Constance.

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Percy in a low-

ered voice. "Here comes aunt Alec. Now, sis, *don't* say anything to her about the trip up the Bay. She'll be sure to insist on going."

Still another person now entered the enclosure, an elderly woman, very tall and large, richly and in some respects rather loudly dressed, and with a face that was good and strong rather than refined. She seemed to march rather than to walk upon the scene and there was about her an air of established consequence and authority. She held a green book in her hand, her finger between its leaves. Flagler, an interested though of course silent observer of all that transpired, wondered who she was. "She must be a Rear Admiral, to say the least," he thought to himself. As she joined the group, she gave our hero a little, near-sighted stare and then bowed to him in a friendly manner. After which she turned to Percy. That young gentleman had risen and was offering her his chair — the same of which, a little while before, he had so unceremoniously dispossessed his sister — with an air of the greatest politeness and consideration. Strangely enough, the subject which the newcomer brought

with her and which she at once introduced was the one just spoken of between Percy and his sister and as to which the former had been so anxious that nothing be said to his aunt.

"Percy," she began, in tones which, if they were musical at all, would certainly require to be written on the lowest lines of the base staff, "I hear that you are going up the Bay next week, you and Constance. I have come to offer myself to go with you. It is hardly proper that Constance should be the only lady on board. Though, for that matter, when I was wrecked on the coast of Old California —"

"But, aunt Alec," Percy hastened to interrupt — his countenance had fallen at the first words his aunt had uttered — "Constance is not to be the only lady on board. She is going to invite a friend to go with her."

"Ah! That will be all the better," declared the lady. "The more the merrier. And I am sure I shall enjoy a yachting trip very much."

"We should, of course, be delighted to have you with us," Percy declared with all possible unction.

"But I really am afraid that it would be anything but pleasant for you on board the yacht."

"O, I am used to roughing it on shipboard. I have been quite a sailor, you know, in my day. My husband, the late Captain Derringer — "

"True, my dear aunt," Percy again quickly interrupted. He had heard of the late Captain Derringer before. "I know that you have been several ocean voyages. But that was in a steamer or large ship. It is not at all like that on board the *Au Revoir*. She is so very small and cramped that it would be impossible to make you comfortable."

"But I shall not mind that at all, my dear boy — being uncomfortable. I have been uncomfortable a great many times in my life. Why, I was once for four whole days and nights on a stranded ship with the angry waves breaking over me. Captain Derringer said himself that it was a most tempestuous time."

Evidently Mrs. Derringer was not thus to be dissuaded from her purpose; and Percy at length found himself obliged to say, with what grace he could summon, that if she could put up with the dis-

comforts of the trip, he should be delighted to have her company. It was in no pleasant frame of mind however that he turned to the desk again now to address the note which he had written and his manner, as he handed it to our hero and bade him take it at once to Captain Holloway, was far from gracious.

Flagler took the note and, with a bow to all present, turned away. At the gate he came upon a lady — a pale, elegant personage whom he would have recognized as his aunt Emmeline even had she not been attended by her younger son. Master Teddy nodded to him familiarly ; and Mrs. Prettyman, seeing the name of the yacht on his cap, also inclined her head, though very haughtily as it seemed to him. A moment later the child let go his mother's hand and came running back.

"I say," cried he, "you won't tell *her* about that, will you?"

"Tell *whom* about *what?*" demanded Flagler, quite at a loss.

"Why, *her*" — pointing back in the direction of his mother — "about their not having any pockets

in their pantaloons on the other side of the moon. She'd have mine sewed up in no time. I wonder she hasn't thought of it before. She's always at me about putting my hands in my pockets."

"All right," laughed Flagler. "I won't tell her."

"Shake hands on it," insisted Teddy, putting out his hand.

So Flagler shook hands with him.

"You are a first-rate fellow," declared the young gentleman, emphasizing his opinion with a nod. "I like you a great deal better than I do Percy. He is always ordering me around. He likes to boss people better than anybody I know of — unless it's aunt Alec. Well, good-by."

Flagler said good-by, and proceeded on his way. He reflected as he walked along that he had now seen something of each member of his uncle's family.

CHAPTER V.

FLAGLER MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ESSIE BUCKNER was a Southern girl, a great friend of Constance, who lived in Maryland but spent her summers at her grandfather's house at Touisset. Touissett is a locality on Narragansett Bay some twelve or fourteen miles southeast from Providence. Her journey northward was made, as it happened, on the day of the events narrated in the last chapter and she arrived at her summer home on the following (Friday) morning. Almost immediately thereafter Constance's letter was put in her hands, telling her about the race and begging her to come down on

Saturday if she could. As she was a person who always did as she pleased, and as this proposal pleased her, Saturday afternoon at two o'clock found her at Newport with her friend.

One of the first things that Miss Buckner declared her wish to do was to go on board the yacht; so directly after lunch she and Constance, attended of course by Percy, took their way down to the water. Arrived at the wharf they found the sailing master himself just putting off to go on board; so taking their places with him in the gig they were quickly pulled out to the *Au Revoir*.

Just at this point of time Flagler Hamlyn was sitting on the forward rail of the yacht talking with Diego the steward. Diego was a Cuban, a slim, dark-faced young fellow whose looks and ways were not at all to our hero's taste, although he had made himself somewhat intimate with him with a view to improving his Spanish. Flagler, chancing to look around, suddenly discovered the approaching boat.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here comes Captain Holloway, now. Or rather," he corrected himself,

"here comes *Mister* Holloway and Captain Percy." This was a distinction which, he had learned, his cousin Percy strictly insisted upon. "And there are two *señoritas* with them, Diego — *muchas bonitas señoritas*, no doubt." He jumped up with animation. The prospect of ladies coming on board was an exciting one.

As the boat drew near he perceived that one of the "*señoritas*" was Constance Prettyman. The other he supposed of course to be a stranger; but as his eyes presently fell once more upon her, his face suddenly assumed an expression first of perplexity and doubt and then of amazement and consternation. She was a slight, stylish-looking young person with a face of the brunette type, glancing up at the yacht as the boat approached with a pair of flashing black eyes. Flagler knew positively now that he had seen that face before, and he knew where. Away down in the State of Maryland, three mornings ago, this same young lady had come into the railroad car where he was sitting and demanded possession of the seat in front of him. He rubbed his eyes once or twice to

make certain they were open and in proper condition. Then, acting on the impulse of the instant, he thrust the boat-hook, with which he was about to receive the boat, into the hands of the astonished steward and hurried off forward. This young lady had seen him before and, it was altogether likely, would recognize him at once as the midshipman she had met on the train. The only thing to do therefore was to take himself out of the way.

The boat was brought alongside and the passengers quickly transferred to the yacht. Miss Buckner — for it was she of course who thus, all unconsciously it would seem, had so suddenly forced our hero to retreat — appeared at once a decidedly lively and capable young person. She imperiously rejected Percy's proffered hand and without assistance stepped gracefully up the accommodation ladder to the rail and then, with a little jump, to the deck. "No," she declared, "*I* don't want any help." Then, as she stood wiping her dainty boots upon the deck-mat, she cast an appreciative glance about her, noting the snow-white deck, the polished brass-work, the perfect

order and neatness with which everything, alow and aloft, was bestowed. "Ah!" cried she with pretty enthusiasm, "isn't this splendid! How I should love to command such a vessel as this! I *know* I am capable of it."

"You certainly are free to command here, whenever it pleases you," said Percy gallantly. "I touch my hat to Captain Jessie Buckner."

Miss Jessie tossed her head. "On the whole," said she, "I think I will remain a passenger. We shall get altogether *too* mixed up on the subject of captains, if we have *three* of them. I am continually calling you Mister when I ought to call you Captain, and calling Mr. Holloway Captain when I ought to call him Mister. Though, for that matter, I suppose he was captain of a ship before you were ever thought of. I'm afraid I shall *never* remember."

The sailing master himself stood by, broadly smiling at all this and relishing it immensely. Captain Holloway (it is to be feared that *we* shall never remember, too — he was just that sort of sailor that one naturally calls Captain) was very

fond of having young ladies on board, and was always popular with them himself.

"I reckon, Miss Jessie," said he, "thet you will do commandin' enough while you're aboard, whether we call you cap'n or not. An', f'r my part, I 'xpect I shell be the last one to disobey your orders."

"I shall remember that, sir," was the reply. "And now, if you please, let us look at the yacht. I want to go all over her 'from truck to keelson.' I believe that is the nautical expression, isn't it?"

So saying, Miss Buckner lead the way aft, the others following. They stopped a moment at the stern, Jessie examining with great interest the steering gear and binnacle, and declaring her intention of thoroughly learning the art of steering and sailing as soon as they should start upon their cruise. Then they went down the companion way into the cabin. This was a spacious apartment with ample standing room, handsomely finished in chestnut and black walnut, richly carpeted and furnished. Jessie had a thousand questions to ask about everything, asking them, indeed, much

faster than Percy and Mr. Holloway, who closely attended her, could answer.

"What is *that* for?" she demanded, pointing with her sun-umbrella to the huge centre-board box that projected into the cabin and from which the dining tables were swung. And "Oh! What darling little berths!" in the same breath she exclaimed, running to examine the berths, elegantly hung, on either side the cabin, with the cushioned seats, concealing roomy lockers, ranged beneath. And then, even in the very same moment, her glance falling on a handsome upright piano that stood in a corner, she had uttered another ecstatic cry and, throwing down her sunshade and tearing off her gloves, she was seated before it and filling the place with the strains of a Strauss waltz. "O, won't it be elegant! I certainly shall not be lonesome if I can have a piano. And we can have dancing on board. Captain-Mister Holloway, I am engaged for the first set to you. Remember that!"

Then they passed on to inspect the internal arrangements farther forward, the state-rooms (of

which there were four besides the sailing-master's room, large and comfortable), the store rooms, pantry, ice-chest, cook-room and all the rest. Everything was in the most complete and convenient style possible; and, as one viewed it all, one could not help thinking what a perfect little floating house — a cottage upon the sea — a well-appointed yacht is.

Jessie Buckner expressed her delight in the most extravagant terms and declared she could hardly wait for the time to come when they should start upon their trip.

"Captain Percy," she said, appealing suddenly to that young gentleman, "can't Constance and I go with you in the race?"

Percy looked grave at this and shook his head. "I would do almost anything you asked of me, Miss Jessie, except that. It is impossible. The race is very important, and it would not do at all. Besides, the whole Club would laugh at me if I took a lot of girls down at such a time."

The young lady pouted. "I am sure it wouldn't do any harm. Would it, Mr. Holloway?"

The sailing master scratched his head, hardly knowing how to answer. "Wall, you see," said he, slowly, "there's them as thinks 'taint no place f'r women aboard a yacht at *any* time. As f'r *me*, though, *I* think there ain't no time when they're out o' place there. I'd like t' hev 'em, race or no race. They bring good luck."

Jessie clapped her hands. "That's it!" she cried. "We should bring you good luck, if you would take us. And you will be sure to lose the race if you don't."

But Percy still shook his head, and changed the subject by throwing open one of the state-room doors (they were now on their way back to the cabin) and saying, "I think this will be the best room for you and Constance, next week. The berths are very comfortable and there is room enough for you to have your rocking chairs in here, and sit here and sew if you like, and be as secluded as you please."

The two girls looked in at the door and pronounced the room all that could be wished.

"Do you say that this is to be ours exclusively?"

Jessie asked of Percy. "And I suppose we can take possession any time?"

"Certainly," assented Percy.

"Very well." The young lady promptly shut the door and, turning the key in the lock, took it out and put it in her pocket. "We shall want to bring down some pictures and things to fix it up a little and make it cosey. I think we had better keep the key ourselves, Constance."

Returning to the cabin, Miss Jessie suddenly wheeled about.

"By the way, Percy, Constance says you have a remarkably gentlemanly and fine-appearing young man among your crew. She has quite excited my curiosity. Can't you send for him down here? I would like to see him."

Percy looked puzzled. "A remarkably gentlemanly and fine-appearing young man?" he repeated. "I don't know whom you can mean — unless it's the steward. He's a rather gentlemanly fellow."

"What, that smoky-looking person we saw in the kitchen? O dear, no! Constance doesn't mean

him, I'm sure. It was one of the crew, Conny, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Constance. "You know whom I mean, Percy — that young man who came up with the note the other morning. What I said about him seems quite to have captivated Jessie's imagination."

"O, you mean Flagg," said Percy. "All right. We'll have him down." He called up the companion-way to Mr. Holloway who had returned to the deck. "Holloway, send Flagg down here, will you?"

"What *will* he think," exclaimed Constance in trouble, "to be sent for in such a way!"

"Think!" observed Percy indifferently, "it doesn't matter what he thinks. That isn't what he is here for — to think."

"O, we'll invent some excuse or other," said Jessie.

A step on deck was now heard and presently Mr. Holloway's voice: "Flagg, Cap'n Prettyman wants to see you down in the cabin." There was a moment's stillness, and then a form darkened

the opening above and the person summoned slowly descended the stairs. He halted at the bottom and stood looking at Percy as if for orders, holding his cap up before his face so as to partially conceal it, nervously biting at it with his teeth.

Percy, however, turned to Jessie; and that young lady with entire readiness addressed herself to the new comer.

"So your name is Flagg, is it?" she asked, regarding him with sprightly interest.

Flagler, without raising his eyes from the floor where they had now fallen, answered, somewhat thickly, from behind his cap, "I am down by that name on the yacht's books, I believe." He was not, as has been already intimated, a bashful lad; but in the few minutes he had had to think about it since the young lady had come on board, he had come actually to dread being recognized by her and, in consequence, having his false position exposed.

"Won't you be so good as to look up?" he now heard her say. "I am accustomed to having young men *look* at me when I speak to them."

There was nothing for it now but that he should look her in the face; and he did so. Her eyes were fixed upon him with a fun-loving, mischievous expression which, at another time, might have piqued or challenged him; but now he was only relieved to find that there was in them, apparently, no shadow of recognition. After all, seeing him in such different dress and circumstances, was it likely that she should know him? especially when she had barely glanced at him that morning on the train.

"Do I understand you to say," she resumed, going back to his answer, "that you are down on the books by the name of Flagg but that that *isn't* your name?"

"I did not say so," answered Flagler, rather sullenly. He did not relish the idea of being played with in this way, like a mouse in the power of a cat. If this girl really knew that he was other than he appeared, why didn't she say so and and have done with it.

"Than your name *is* Flagg?" she closely pursued.

"SO YOUR NAME IS FLAGG, IS IT?" SHE ASKED.

He looked her straight in the face, and again he was reassured by the extreme innocence of her air. "Well," said he, his own face suddenly breaking into a smile, "isn't that a good name? Mr. Holloway says it is."

"Flagg," interposed Percy sternly, "be careful, if you please. You are to be perfectly respectful, and answer questions as they are asked."

Flagler flushed up at this, but he bit his lip and was silent. Jessie went on at once with what she had to say.

"I want you to go look in the boat," said she, "and see if I have left my glove there."

"In the gig, do you mean?" asked Flagler.

"Why, yes; I believe you call it a gig. Though, for that matter, I don't see why it shouldn't just as properly be called a buggy, or at any rate a beach-wagon. It is a pearl-colored glove, like this." She held up one of her gloves.

Flagler by this time had quite recovered his confidence and the ability to take care of himself. He stepped quickly over to the piano and took the missing glove from where it lay upon the keys.

"Perhaps," said he quietly, "it will not be necessary to look so far for it — unless, that is, it takes more than two such gloves to make a pair." He held up the glove as he spoke, so small as to give point to his words.

"Why, to be sure!" Jessie exclaimed. "How stupid of me! You have very sharp eyes, Master Flagg."

Flagler handed her the glove.

"Is that all, sir?" he asked, turning at once to Percy.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered Percy. "You and Chiswick will have to take us ashore presently."

"Yes," said Constance. "Indeed, we must go at once. Papa is coming at six, and I should be sorry not to be there to meet him."

Flagler went on deck again and, a moment later, took his place in the gig, pondering the circumstances of the interview and wondering to himself if this young lady had really recognized him. On the whole, he was inclined to think that she had not. As he thought of it coolly, he told himself

that it was hardly possible, indeed, that she should have done so.

And as, during the short passage to the shore, he sat facing her at his oar and she did not once look at him or seem conscious of his presence, he fully made up his mind that, so far as she was concerned, any danger of the discovery of his real name and position was in no way to be feared.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS BUCKNER MAKES UP HER MIND.

THREE hours later than this, the Prettyman family, its two guests included, were seated together upon the broad piazza before the house. The family was now made complete by the addition of its head. Mr. Prettyman had arrived at six by the way of Providence. He was a short, very stout man with a pleasant, sensible face. He occupied a huge wakefield chair — which groaned and complained loudly now and then under the burden of his weight — and his whole appearance as he sat with his feet upon the railing, smoking his cigar and looking down at Constance who had brought out a hassock and established herself near him, was that of a business man who had, for a little while, left his business behind. Jessie Buckner was seated on the step watching Master Teddy

who was doing some fancy riding on his velocipede a little way down the drive, for the benefit of anybody who might be interested. Mrs. Prettyman and aunt Alec were sitting and talking together a short distance along the piazza; and still farther off, at the opposite end, Percy had comfortably extended himself in a luxurious steamer-chair.

Constance, in the midst of a general silence, laid her hand affectionately upon her father's knee. "I am so glad you are here, papa," she said. "I don't think it is a bit nice to have you away from us all the time. I agree with what Sydney Smith's daughter says — aunt Alec was reading to me from his Memoirs yesterday — that a family doesn't prosper without a papa."

Mr. Prettyman's reply was not such that anybody heard or noticed it save Constance herself. He merely reached out and laid his own hand with a gentle pressure upon that of his daughter. But Constance understood it. There existed, at a glance, a sympathy and affection between these two that was very pleasant to see, and that was

almost touching too, when one realized that either of them would probably have looked for it in vain from the other members of the family. It was the thought of this daughter at home, loving, gentle, true, that brightened to the weary man of business many a dull hour of his work, and that drew him away from that work often when otherwise he would not have cared to leave it.

Then Percy spoke up: "It's too bad, father, that you can't stay over until Tuesday, for the race." Percy was sincere enough in this, as he said it. He was sorry for anybody who would be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the all-important event referred to. And yet it may be doubted if the young man felt very bad about it on his own account. Percy did not like very well to have his father on board the yacht. Mr. Prettyman was himself, when he had time for it, an enthusiastic and skilful yachtsman; and he always took full command when on board.

"Yes, it is too bad," responded his father. "I would like nothing better than to be here and help you beat the Englishman. But I must be in New

York that day. I shall expect you to do your best without me to entertain Mr. Cram. They say he's a fine fellow. Be as polite to him as you know how in all but one thing — beat him in the race."

"Never you fear," Percy assured him. "Leave all that to me."

"Yes," said his father, "but don't you try to take things too much out of Captain Holloway's hands. This is no boy's play."

Percy made no reply to this and there followed a short silence. Then Jessie Buckner asked a question — one apparently quite out of connection.

"Constance, did you tell me that you had a cousin at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, or have I dreamed it?"

"Why," answered Constance, "I suppose I must have told you. At least it is a fact that I have a cousin — or a half-cousin — there." She thought a moment, and then in a self-reproachful tone added, "I declare, I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Doesn't he ever come to see you when he has his vacations?" inquired Jessie. "Where is his home?"

Mr. Prettyman answered this question. "Poor fellow," said he, "he hasn't had any home, really, since his parents died. He was supposed to make his home with us; but he never came here. I agree with you, Constance" — this in answer to the tone rather than the words which Constance had used — "it is too bad, the way we have let Flagler slip out of our minds. It isn't right. We ought to have him here — once in a while at least."

"Pooh!" uttered Percy. "I guess it doesn't much matter. He couldn't come if you asked him. They don't have any vacations at the Naval School."

"O, yes they do, Percy," Constance gently contradicted. "They certainly have *one*. And I think I have heard that it came just before they graduated. Is not that so, papa?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied her father. "I must find out. I will write to Flagler myself. Don't let me forget it."

"Did you say his name was Flagler, Mr. Prettyman?" Jessie carelessly inquired.

"Yes," said Constance, "Flagler Hamlyn."

"Hamlyn?" aunt Alec here interrupted, repeating the name. "Of whom are you speaking? Hervey, did your sister Alice leave any children?"

"Yes," Mr. Prettyman answered, and explained to Mrs. Derringer about Flagler.

The lady seemed surprised as well as interested.

"Why," said she, "I never knew before that there was such a boy. That comes of living so far away. It is strange you never mentioned him, Emmeline. I should really like to see him. He is my grand-nephew, of course, exactly as Percy is. Can't you invite him here while I am with you?"

"I fear," observed Mrs. Prettyman coldly, "that the government would not allow him to accept the invitation. Cadets at the Naval School are not granted leave, I believe, except for special reasons." She suddenly rose from her chair. "By the way, aunt Alec, speaking of our relations, we have an old family Bible that I am sure will interest you. Come into the library and look at it. It is very curious." And she led Mrs. Derringer in doors.

Percy and his father beginning to talk of the

race again, Jessie presently proposed to Constance a stroll through the grounds. They walked about a while, each with an arm about the other's waist, discussing earnestly such matters as two girl-friends easily find to talk about when alone together. After a time, coming to the enclosure where Constance was first introduced to the reader, they sat down on the rustic bench. It was quite dusky now beneath the trees; but through the leaves above a faint ray of light from the young moon came softly down and laid itself along the grassy floor of the place.

"I am so glad we are to have a moon next week for our trip up the Bay," Constance said.

"Conny, dear," declared Jessie, laughing, "I believe you are always 'so glad' of something."

"I believe I am," returned Constance simply. "I am sure I always have something to be glad of."

There was a short pause; and then, "Constance," exclaimed Jessie, all at once, "do you know, I have made up my mind to something."

"Jet, dear, I believe you are always 'making up

your mind to something.'" Constance laughed in turn.

"Well, when I make up my mind to anything, I always *do* it, do I not?" Jessie demanded.

"I believe you do. You certainly are a most determined person. What is it that you have made up your mind to now? Nothing dreadful, I hope."

"Of course not. I've only made up my mind that you and I will go in the *Au Revoir* when she sails the race. It will be ever so much better than looking on from a steamer."

"Of course it will," said Constance. But then she shook her head. "It's no use thinking of such a thing, though. Percy will not hear of it. You know what he said this afternoon."

"Nevertheless, I intend to go. Didn't I just tell you I had made up my mind to it?"

"But we can't go unless Percy says so," protested Constance. She had been brought up to believe that her brother's will was law.

"Indeed! And why not, pray? I, at least, am not in the habit of regarding his permission as indispensable when I wish to do anything."

"But it is his yacht, you know."

"No it is not — not all of it. A part of it belongs to us."

"I don't know what you mean," said Constance, greatly puzzled.

"Here is something that will perhaps unlock the difficulty." Jessie produced from her pocket and held up what Constance made out to be a key. "He has given us the use of one of the staterooms and said we might take possession whenever we pleased. Very well; we will take possession just before the race."

Jessie paused, regarding her friend with an air of triumph; but Constance seemed still not to comprehend.

"Why, dear me! don't you *see?* I mean that you and I will go on board the yacht Tuesday morning and lock ourselves up in our stateroom. And then, when they get well started, we will make our appearance on deck. Now, my dear, don't look horrified; and please don't say you won't do it. I assure you solemnly that *I* mean to do it if I go alone; and it will be a great deal better for

you to go with me and make the affair respectable. It will do no harm whatever. Captain Holloway said that it would not. Come, now, you will, won't you? You know you always do as I say, sooner or later, unless it is something *very* bad." Jessie put her arm about her friend's neck and looked up into her face with a coaxing way she had that often before this had proved irresistible.

But whether or no Miss Jessie's blandishments were to prevail in the present instance was not at this moment determined. For just at this point they were suddenly greatly startled by a rustling of the shrubbery close at hand, as though some living thing were concealed there. Jessie uttered a little scream. Constance, presently, assuring herself that there could be no ground for alarm, went and put aside the bushes and sought to penetrate the shadows beneath. Nothing was to be seen however and nothing farther was heard. They agreed together that it must have been the wind; and as it was now getting cool and dark they turned back to the house.

They had no sooner disappeared than the rustling was violently repeated; and the next moment a youthful form, recognizable as it rose to its feet as that of Master Theodore Dunn Prettyman, emerged into view. He waited a moment until the sound of the girls' voices had entirely died away; and then, nodding his head and audibly communing with himself, he followed in their footsteps.

One other conversation, occurring almost exactly at this same time although in another part of the town, must be recorded in this chapter.

It so happened that that young seaman who was "down on the books" of the *Au Revoir* as Thomas Flagg, had been left in charge of the yacht this same Saturday evening. He stood, just at dark, leaning against the mast, watching the various craft that were at anchor near by gradually fade from view and disappear, leaving only the solitary anchor-light in their places, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He started in spite of himself, though he knew it could be only the steward; no one else was on board.

"It is you, is it?" he said rather testily. "You walk more like a cat than a man."

Diego paid no attention to this. "You no go on shore?" he inquired.

"No; all gone off and left me in charge."

Diego made a gesture. "You go now, if you want. *Me* stay an' take care."

"Thank you," said Flagler. "When I'm left in charge, I stay in charge."

The steward uttered a little "Umph," and changed the subject. "The race," said he, "it is not to be *mañana* — to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Flagler indignantly. "Well, I should think not! To-morrow is Sunday. We don't do things in this country as you do in that beggarly *Isla de Cuba* of yours. It's to be on Tuesday — *Martes*. The *Xanthippe* won't get here until Monday."

"Ah! *El Martes*." Diego seemed to ponder the fact. Then, "We shall beat him, you think?" he inquired very seriously.

"Think so? Of course I do! I'd be ashamed to think anything else."

Diego nodded his head slightly once or twice at this emphatic assertion, and then stood rubbing his chin and pondering it in silence. At length he again offered to look out for the yacht if Flagler wished to go on shore, which offer the latter again refused and the Cuban, after standing about uneasily for a few moments, went and got into the dinghy which lay alongside and pulled himself off into the darknesss.

A few minutes later the sound of oars was again heard, and presently a boat glided softly up under the yacht's bow, close to where Flagler was standing. He supposed it was only the steward returning, until a voice from on board addressed him. Then he knew that the newcomer was a stranger, although, oddly enough, he spoke in the native tongue of the steward. His tone was low and guarded: "*Quien está ahí? Diego? Soy yo — Olazabar. Buenas tardes.*"

The Spanish language is a regular study at the Naval Academy and is doubtless, on the whole, pretty thoroughly taught there. Flagler, although but a Second Classman, had acquired a sufficient

knowledge of it to know it when he heard it and to understand and make use of many of its words and phrases. He comprehended from the words just repeated that the stranger (probably some friend of Diego's who had come to pay him a visit) mistook him for the steward. And, merely "for the fun of the thing," he determined to let the delusion stand for a moment, and, indeed, see if he could keep it up. It was a fair chance of testing his Spanish. He could think of nothing to say at that instant, however, so he merely mumbled indistinctly something that belonged to no language at all and waited for something more to be said.

"*Estoy encantado de que V. esté aqui,*" the stranger went on lightly. "*Agarra! si V. gusta.*"

Flagler did not make out the first part of this at all; but the last words, accompanied as they were by a toss of the boat's painter into his very hands, were easily understood. He seized the rope and made it fast on board, with a "*Con mucho gusto*" of his own, by way of an easy beginning to his part in the conversation.

The stranger sat down upon the middle thwart

of his boat. "*Que hora es?*" he carelessly inquired.

This was no more than was plainly laid down in Ollendorf, and our hero was able to reply glibly, "*Las doce estan al dar.*"

"*Eh? Las doce!*" ejaculated the other. Then he laughed quietly. He took it that his companion was joking, though it certainly would not have been much of a joke. Flagler had simply blundered in his numerals and told him, in answer to his question as to the time, that it had not yet struck twelve, a statement quite in accordance with fact.

"*Yo recibi la carta de V.*," the unknown person presently continued.

Flagler nodded again, seeming not to have any Spanish at hand for a verbal reply. He made one or two remarks to himself however, and in English. "O, you did," said he. "You got my letter? Well, that's rather odd, seeing that I never wrote you any."

"*Yo le traigo á V. un poco regalo*," said the stranger with a light laugh.

"Ah! Brought me a little present, have you?' This, again, to himself. Flagler was quite pleased with himself for understanding so easily what was said to him; although he was still not very ready with his answers. "*Un poco regalo*, eh?" he repeated aloud. "*Bueno!*"

"*Si; yo tengo el dinero.*"

"The money!" exclaimed Flagler aloud, wondering and forgetting himself.

"*Si*," replied the other, taking no notice of the slip. "*Yo le tengo.*"

"*Cuanto?*" inqired Flagler at a venture.

"*Cien pesos.*"

"A hundred dollars, eh?" Flagler again translated to himself. "*Adonde esta?*" where is it? he asked.

"*Yo la tengo en mi bolsillo*," audibly patting his breast pocket.

"*Que me quiere V.?*" That is, what was he to do for it? Flagler understood carelessly that this was purchase-money of some sort, though he was so interested in his effort to carry on the conversation that it did not occur to him at all that he

might be listening to that which he had no right to hear.

"*Voy á décirselo á V.*" — I will tell you.— "*De mañana, á las cinco de la tarde, siga V. la orilla, y V. llegara á una pequeña calle á la derecha*" —

"I say, hold on a bit, will you," Flagler suddenly cried out in dismay. In his desperate attempt to follow and make sense of the voluble stream of directions into which the stranger abruptly launched, he had quite forgotten that he was supposed to be a Spaniard himself. "Why, man alive! Señor Christophe Columbo himself could not follow you when you go on in that way —like a whale running off with a thousand fathom o' line!"

The person in the boat had "held on" long before this speech was finished and was now standing up and regarding Flagler, apparently in profoundest astonishment.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in angry but otherwise perfectly irreproachable English.

Then, more fully comprehending the deception and seeming by no means inclined to accept it for

the joke which our hero had meant, he uttered an exclamation of rage in his own tongue, and with a quick movement casting off the painter of his boat from where Flagler had made it fast to the shroud, he seized his oars and pulled off, followed by the hearty, half-apologetic laughter of the young sailor.

The latter, listening presently, fancied he heard a subdued hail and then the low hum of voices in the direction taken by the stranger, as though he had met and stopped to talk with somebody.

Flagler naturally wondered what all this meant; and when the steward, by and by, came on board again, he asked him about it. Diego only replied by laughing heartily, seeming to think the matter a fine joke; and as such our hero himself presently concluded to regard it, although it was destined to recall itself to him later and in a very different light.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AU REVOIR SHIPS SOME PASSENGERS.

EARLY Monday morning the *Au Revoir* was towed ashore and hauled high and dry upon the railway so that her bottom might be scraped and smoothed. Then she was laid alongside the wharf, her ballast shifted, anchors and spare gear gotten below out of the way, and the cabin fittings and whatever else was unnecessary or superfluous in a race, taken ashore. Captain Holloway was an experienced hand at racing; and he spared no pains now in making his vessel light and trim. If she were beaten, it would be not because she did not do her best but because her rival was able to do

better than her best — something, of course, beyond the sailing-master's control.

At noon the English cutter came in, a beautiful white-hulled vessel; though, with her straight, substantial lines and lofty topmast, she was hardly a satisfying spectacle to the critical American eye, accustomed to a more reckless and fanciful build. Mr. Holloway looked up with a contemptuous grunt as she fired a gun and dropped her anchor. "Humph!" he growled. "Ef the Ori*vaw* can't outsail sech an old diving-bell as that, then I'll *eat* her, centre-board down and all her balloon-sails set." And Captain Percy, joyful in the same confident belief, manned the gig and pulled over to the visitor to do the honors of the occasion.

Later in the day several other yachts arrived, assembling to witness the race. Percy had a number of well-known yachting men up at the house that evening to meet the English captain, and entertained them as royally as his father could possibly have wished. It was likely that there would be a great many other arrivals by the next morning, and the event bade fair to be a brilliant one.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and clear, though somewhat cool. Captain Percy, it may well be imagined, felt very grand indeed as, resplendent in gold lace and yachting buttons, he came down the wharf about nine o'clock, greeted as he passed with murmurs of awe and admiration from the groups of people already gathered to view the preparations for the race, and catching now and then the very words in which they told each other who and how rich his father was, and what a tremendous young swell he himself was known to be. Percy fully appreciated himself and his position, and he liked them to be appreciated by other people.

Yet, more than of all this, was he thinking this morning of the race now so soon to take place and of the victory he expected to achieve. Already in imagination he saw himself covered with glory, congratulated on every hand, his own name and that of his beautiful yacht telegraphed in every direction as the winner of the cup. And even as he walked along there were dancing perpetually before his eyes the magnified headings of the arti-

cle which would appear the next morning in the leading New York paper, penned by the enterprising reporter who had come on especially to write up the event.

YESTERDAY'S MATCH-RACE AT NEWPORT.

AU REVOIR TO THE XANTHIPPE.

THE INVINCIBLE ENGLISHMAN DEFEATED AT LAST.

XANTHIPPE GETS A BEATING.

The Au Revoir Wins by Twenty-Seven Minutes and Thirty-Four Seconds.

ALL HONOR TO MR. PERCY PRETTYMAN.

Percy held his head higher and stepped more proudly along, as he thought of it all. Captain Holloway, as from on board the yacht he discovered his approach, laughed to himself with more than usual audibility. "Here comes Mr. Percy," muttered he, "with both arms swung out like the booms of a coastin' schooner afore the wind." Between himself and the rudder-head and Thomas Flagg who was at that moment stooping down close by to get something out from under the cock-pit grating, Captain Holloway had not the highest

opinion in the world of Master Percy. The old sailor laughed again to himself as the young gentleman drew nearer. Captain Holloway was up to racing pitch this morning. He too expected that the *Au Revoir* was going to beat the English cutter; and he felt quite as grand over the prospect, in his way, as Captain Percy himself.

"Ah, Mr. Holloway," cried Percy as he gained the deck. "A splendid morning, is it not? How is the wind?"

"The wind is all right," growled the sailing master. Somehow or other, good natured as he almost invariably was, Captain Holloway always answered in a growl when Mr. Percy addressed him in one of his thoroughly satisfied moods. "It's nor' nor' east, what there is of it. There'll be more afore there's less, though, for that matter. They've h'isted a red flag at the signal station."

"What!" exclaimed Percy; "it isn't going to storm, I hope."

"Wall, then, it *is*, sooner or later. My opinion is, though, it'll hold off f'r twelve hours or so. 'N' thet's enough f'r all practic'l purposes. We'll hev

clouds enough, though, 'n' plenty o' wind, afore we git back to the light-ship."

"Have they gone down with the mark-boat?"

"Yes; an' she's instructed t' anchor ten miles t' leward, bearin' sou' sou' west from the light-ship. Thet'll bring her, I take it, about three mile to the north'rd 'n' west'rd o' Block Island Buoy. I'm glad we've got the wind'rd half o' the race first. The cutter may beat us afore the wind; but blow high or blow low we'll overhaul her on the home stretch. You c'n go below and enter that on the yacht's log aforehand!"

Percy assented to this with emphasis and then went down into the cabin, not however with the intention of carrying out the suggestion as to writing up the log beforehand. He came up again after a little, announcing that he was going over to the Judge's boat to see about the final arrangements.

"I sha'n't be back until the last moment, so you had better be all ready to cast off when I come down. There won't be any time to spare."

Part way up the wharf, Percy met Constance and Jessie with their ulsters on their arms.

"This isn't the way to the steamer," said he.

"No," Jessie answered. "But we thought we would come down and make sure the yacht was all right for the race. We are as much interested as anybody. We can go on board, can't we?"

"O, certainly," responded Percy. "You must excuse me, though. I've got to meet Captain Cram over at the other wharf and finish our arrangements. I probably sha'n't be back until the last minute. Your steamer starts from the second wharf below here. You'd better go on board before long, so as to get seats. She won't leave the wharf, though, until after we do."

"Yes, yes," Jessie declared. "We will look out for all that. We don't need any gentleman to look out for *us*. Don't let us keep you waiting." And she and Constance moved on.

Captain Holloway greeted them cheerily as they jumped down on the deck of the yacht and came aft where he was.

"You look jest 's if you was goin' with us," said he, "with them — them overcoats on y'r arms. 'N' f'r *my* part, I wish ye were."

"I don't know but we shall," said Jessie, seating herself upon the rail near the wheel. "I am sure this would be a much better place to see the race from than on board a crowded steamer, that probably won't go down any farther than the light-ship anyway."

"Captain Holloway," spoke up Constance very seriously, "I want you to tell me honestly, did you really mean what you said Saturday — that it would do no harm to have us on board during the race? Now, answer honestly, please. Never mind the politeness. I want to know."

Captain Holloway looked at her soberly for a moment, as she was looking at him. Then he nodded his head emphatically as if confirming his formerly expressed opinion.

"Wall, Miss Constance, true as I'm a sailor, then, hevin' you on board wouldn't make no more diff'rence to our chances o' winnin' the race than — than"—he looked around for an object of comparison — "than the variation o' that there compass would ef we was tryin' to make Dumplin' Rocks in broad daylight. In p'int o' fact, I ain't

sure but the sloop would sail all the better f'r hev-'ng young ladies aboard. She'd kind o' be on her mettle."

Jessie clapped her hands triumphantly: "There, Constance, I hope you are satisfied." Then she turned to the sailing-master as if she were preparing to throw her arms about his rugged neck and kiss him. "Captain Holloway, you are the dearingest, darlingest man, except my Grandfather Graham, to be found in the whole State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations!"

Captain Holloway fairly grinned with pleasure at this highly appreciative language. Then he looked keenly from one of the two girls to the other, perhaps comprehending something of what they had in mind.

"An' f'r my part," he resumed bluntly, "I should n't keer ef, when we got outside an' f'arly started so 't we couldn't git red o' ye ag'in — I shouldn't keer f'r *my* part ef we sh'd find thet ye'd stowed y'rselves away below somewheres unbeknownst." He paused, glancing at Miss Jessie; and that young lady was certain that there was a meaning

twinkle in his eye and a suspicious twitching of the lid that almost developed itself into a wink. "Least ways," he concluded, "I'm goin' up to the sail-loft yonder f'r a few minutes. I s'pose I sha'n't find ye here when I git back, shell I? I sha'n't look f'r ye, I guess." He nodded his head again, touched his master's cap, and turned away, laughing his silent laugh as he climbed up upon the wharf.

"Now, Conny," cried Jessie, as soon as he was gone, "you certainly cannot say another word. You said you would do it if Captain Holloway honestly thought it would do no harm. And he not only thinks so but he has actually hinted to us to do just what we were thinking of doing. Of course he wouldn't do that if he thought there was any harm in it: he is as anxious to win the race as Percy is. And of course he knows. And it is really he and not Percy who is in command of the yacht." She finished in a tone that seemed to regard the matter as settled. And settled, indeed, it was.

"No," said Constance, no longer seeming to feel

any doubt. "No, I can't say any more, certainly." And she followed her friend down the cabin stairs.

They found the cabin by no means the luxurious apartment it had appeared at their former visit. The cushions and most of the furniture had been removed, oil-cloths laid upon the floor and, well forward where the vessel's breadth of beam was greatest, a mass of anchors, gear and various articles which could neither be prudently left ashore nor very well carried on deck at such a time, were deposited. Jessie daintily picked her way to the state-room door and unlocked it.

"We will lock ourselves in at once," said she, "and keep perfectly quiet until we hear the second whistle. Then we" —

"Ah!" Constance suddenly interrupted with a look of alarm.

Jessie turned quickly, following the glance of her companion, and lo! there was one of the crew of the yacht — no other, indeed, than Thomas Flagg — standing close beside them with a huge coil of rope upon his shoulder. He had come through the passage forward; and from the expression

upon his handsome face, astonished but amused, it was evident that he had heard every word Jessie had said.

"Did you hear what I was saying?" Miss Jessie at once very fiercely demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Flagler, humbly, but with a gleam of mischief in his eye. He had comprehended the whole scheme in an instant.

"Well!" cried Miss Buckner, breaking out into a very blaze of scornful indignation, "if there is anything on earth that is mean and contemptible, it is *listening!* No *gentleman* would do it!"

"Indeed!" responded Flagler innocently. "Well, no doubt you know more about gentlemen than I do, but I supposed they always listened more or less. Why, what were their ears given them for?"

"You know very well what I mean, sir," pursued Jessie hotly. "I mean listening slyly to what they have no right to hear."

"O, Jessie," Constance here interposed in great distress, "I am sure this young man was not listening in such a way as that."

Flagler turned to her gratefully. It was pleasant to be thus defended, though he had not suffered greatly from the charge made.

"No," said he, "I was *not* listening in such a way as that. I was bringing this tackle aft and I heard you before I saw you. I hadn't any orders, you know, to keep my ears closed. I'll stuff 'em with oakum in future though, if you think I ought." He was looking at Jessie again as he made this last remark, rather saucily as if he thought he had altogether the best of the encounter.

"At any rate," observed that young lady, only a little mollified, "it will be well for you to keep your *lips* closed — about this."

"O, I am sure," Constance here again exclaimed, "we may be quite certain that he will not betray us."

"Indeed you may," declared Flagler soberly, again very grateful to Constance.

"Very well," pronounced Jessie, still with a menacing air. "And indeed, I don't think he *will* betray us." She paused a moment, her black eyes resting full upon him. "Because," she added slowly,

"there *might* be a time when Master Flagg himself might be in some such circumstances — in a position, may be, where he did not belong — and then perhaps *we* might in some way find *him* out, and then"—

This extraordinary speech, e'er it could be completed and before Flagler had time to weigh its meaning, was abruptly broken off by the sound of a step upon the cabin stairs and the appearance of another person. This was no less an individual than Master Teddy Prettyman, very much excited and out of breath.

"You girls had better hide yourselves 'bout 's quick as you *can*," was his announcement. "Aunt Alec is coming down the wharf! Mamma has got a sick headache and can't go on the steamer, so aunt Alec is looking for you."

"O, dear!" cried Constance. "What shall we do?" Here was a new and even more appalling danger that threatened their cherished plan.

"Do!" exclaimed Jessie promptly. "Why, we must do as Teddy says. We will hide ourselves here in the stateroom. And you, Teddy — you go

back and meet her and go down to the steamer with her. Come, go quick! That's a gentleman."

But Teddy shook his head. He also had plans of his own. "No," said he at once. "No, we must *all* hide. That will be best. If I should go up she might ask me if I had seen you and then I should have to tell her. And we'll have to be quick about it. She must be at the head of the wharf this minute. Come!"

And with outstretched arms and an authority which the panic-stricken girls did not stop to question, he pushed them before him into the stateroom and the door was locked behind them.

"Well," muttered our hero, left alone upon the outside. "So it seems to devolve upon me to go up and meet the Admiral and tell her stories. All right. England expects every man to do his duty!"

He took up his coil of tackle again and having placed it among the other things, went up the companion-way. There he found himself face to face with the relict of the late Captain Derringer of San

Francisco. She had her book, as usual, in her hand.

Flagler touched his cap and said good-morning in reply to the gracious salutation which he received.

"I am looking for the girls, Constance and Jessie," she said. "Have they been here?"

Flagler, with no idea of really telling any stories in anybody's behalf but quite determined as well not to betray the young ladies, took no notice whatever of this question but, instead, invited the lady, with great ceremony, to sit down.

"Mr. Holloway and Captain Percy are both on shore," he said, "and the mate is busy forward, so it is left to me to do the honors of the yacht. You have been on board before, ma'am, I suppose. Indeed? I am sorry that your first visit is made today. We are not exactly in exhibition trim, being stripped for the race." And thus he ran on until aunt Alec quite forgot that she had asked him any question at all.

"I am not sure," she observed, in her deep voice, so soon as he gave her an opportunity to speak, "but

that a vessel in racing trim is a much finer object to look upon than any other — at least to the eye of a sailor." She cast her own eye knowingly aloft, evidently claiming for that organ the distinction alluded to. "I have been a great deal on shipboard myself. Indeed, I was once on board a ship in a race, and a very exciting one it was. We were not racing for a silver cup but for our very lives."

"Indeed," said Flagler, interested. "How was it?"

"Well, we were chased by pirates. Or, rather, we supposed they were pirates at the time. It turned out afterwards that our pursuer was only an English vessel as innocent as ourselves. But the race, notwithstanding, was just as exciting while it lasted."

"We don't mean to let any Englishman overtake *us*, to-day," observed Flagler.

"I hope not! I declare, I have a great mind to stay on board here during the race. It must be much better than going on a crowded steamboat. I wonder I did not think of it before. She looked

around for a moment, as though making up her mind. "Yes," she concluded, "I *will* stay. It will be quite a surprise to Percy when he comes back and finds me here."

A new idea flashed into Flagler's mind and brought a smile to his face.

"Perhaps," suggested he, "it would be a still greater surprise if you were to step down below and remain in one of the state-rooms, letting no one know of your being on board until we get started."

Mrs. Derringer, pondering this idea a moment, became highly delighted with it.

"Would it not!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I will certainly do it! If you will show me where I can go — a good, light room, if you please, where I can read my book — I will do it. Why, I shall be a sort of 'stowaway,' shall I not? We had a stowaway, I remember, on board the *Cordova*, when we sailed from New York in 'Fifty-Seven. I hope they won't treat me as severely, when they find me, as they did him — put me on bread and water and set me to doing the hardest work."

"I don't believe they will do that," declared Flagler. "It will be, as you say, a little surprise. I imagine Captain Percy's face when he sees you coming up the companion-way." The young sailor laughed outright. He also was growing more and more delighted with the idea. "You had best come down at once. They will be back again presently. And you must keep very quiet in the state-room until a few minutes after they blow the second whistle on board the Judges' boat. When you hear that, Mrs. Derringer, you will know that the race is begun."

So saying, Flagler motioned the lady toward the companion-way and himself followed her down the stairs.

Ten minutes later, Percy and Captain Holloway came on board together, and the yacht was at once gotten underway.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE START.

THE Great Race which has been so often referred to in the reader's presence and which at last seems to be near at hand, was what is called a "windward and leeward race," and the course to be sailed could not therefore be exactly determined many hours beforehand. It had been simply agreed that the light-ship off Brenton's Reef should be the starting point and the race sailed ten miles out to sea and back. The precise direction would depend upon the direction of the wind. The mark-boat had now gone down, with instructions, as Captain Holloway had said, to anchor as nearly as possible three miles to the northwest of the Block Island Buoy, a position which would bring her ten miles to leeward of the light-ship. With a view to

the better understanding, and perhaps greater enjoyment, of what is to follow, the reader is requested to glance at a map of the locality named, or, better still, to beg of some old sea captain of his acquaintance, a sight of his "Chart of the Atlantic Ocean." A boat race, always exciting to the actual spectator, is generally a dull affair enough on paper; but it is believed that the present contest — since, being actively participated in by several of our young friends, it must needs be here described — will not be entirely uninteresting to the reader, if some pains are taken to realize it as it goes on.

The harbor at Newport, always a pretty picture on a sunny summer morning, can rarely have presented a livelier and more attractive appearance than at the time the *Au Revoir* left her wharf. A hundred craft of every description, steamboats, tugs, coasters, yachts and row-boats, dotted the water all about, most of them in motion and already on their way toward the starting point of the race. Among these the *Au Revoir* proudly held her way, with increasing speed, a beautiful thing to see,

under full mainsail, foretopsail and jib, with racing colors and ensign set above them. Not less beautiful, too, and even more saucy and confident appeared the English cutter as, almost immediately, she buoyed her anchor and stood out after her rival, her snowy hull gleaming in the sun, white and bright as the hundred dollar cup which she expected to add this day to her famous collection. The *Xanthippe* had a single reef in her mainsail when she started; but she impatiently shook it out as she passed Fort Adams. The wind had freshened and there were growing clouds in the sky; but it is not for an Englishman to shorten sail when a Yankee rival goes out ahead of him with all canvas set.

Down beyond the light-ship, an eighth of a mile or so farther out to sea, a tug, with the Judges (and the New York reporter) on board, had taken her position, and from her slender-throated whistle, at twenty-three minutes after ten, there came the shrill signal of preparation. The competing yachts, with a large number of attendant vessels, were now upon the ground; and the sound of the second

whistle, to be given ten minutes after the first, was eagerly awaited. It came at exactly 10.33 and the race was begun.

For at least five minutes however, no one would have guessed the fact from the movements of the yachts themselves. So much time was devoted by them to a perplexing series of tackings to and fro, without either of them crossing the line or actually starting. In those races where the "flying start" is the rule and a yacht's time is taken as she goes over the line, it is considered an advantage to start last — something, perhaps, as in a game of base-ball the side which wins the toss always prefers to go to bat last. The advantage in the matter of boat racing is, after all, very small however; and Captain Holloway, at the helm of the *Au Revoir*, at length impatiently yielded it to the other yacht.

"I've hed enough o' sech jockeyin'," growled he. "It's all buncombe, this waitin' f'r the other boat to go over first. Them thet start first 'll git back first, *I* say. Stand by there, Mr. Stoddard. We'll be in just the right position in a minute. *Hold* on

a bit. Ginger! I b'lieve he's goin' to square away himself. What, ye *won't?*" this to the *Xanthippe* herself as that wily craft kept away for a single moment and then seemed to think better of it. "All right, then. Ori*vaw* to ye. Here *we* go. Stand by the main-sheet and jib halliards! Now, Stoddard, ease off your sheet. Keep a good turn. Ease off your jib sheet there! There you have it. Make fast all!"

The next moment, square before the wind, the *Au Revoir* darted off across the line at 10h. 41m. 20s. Thirty seconds later, for there was nothing more to wait for, her adversary slackened sheet and sprang away after her.

It was at this time, at the very outset of the race, that something occurred which seriously injured the prospects of the *Au Revoir* and, naturally enough, put her young master badly out of temper. Both yachts had gotten their spinakers all ready before squaring away; and that of the *Xanthippe*, as she crossed the line, was rapidly and successfully set, the huge triangular sail drawing beautifully the instant the wind filled it, as pretty a sight

as any sailor could wish to see.* But on board the *Au Revoir* they were not so fortunate. The precaution had been taken, proper enough in itself, of setting the sail in stops on the stay, to be broken after the sail was hoisted. Unfortunately the line used for the stops proved too strong and could not be bursted at the right moment, so that it became necessary to lower and reset the sail. This caused a delay of many minutes, during which the *Xanthippe*, with every inch of cloth distended, drew swiftly on and presently took the lead from her adversary. As for the *Au Revoir*, even after the troublesome spinaker was, after a while, set, the sloop, being centre-board, rolled so before the wind (now blowing quite heavily) that the sail did not draw well, the wind being again and again taken out of it by the motion of the vessel. It is hardly to be wondered at that Captain Percy fretted and

*Since the definition of a "spinaker" given by Flagler Hamlyn in a former chapter is on the whole hardly satisfactory (no doubt he could by this time have improved upon it himself) it may be well to subjoin here a more accurate account of that piece of racing canvas. A spinaker is a lofty triangular sail of light material, used chiefly in racing. It is used ordinarily when a yacht is before the wind, being set from the topmast head to the deck and boomed out on the side opposite to the mainsail. It is also sometimes set as a balloon-jib, with the wind abeam. In either case, skilfully handled, it is a very powerful and useful sail.

MRS. ALEXANDRA DERRINGER SURPRISES HER NEPHEW.

stormed to the best of his not inconsiderable ability and marched about aft like a maniac in his cell.

Mr. Holloway, however, firmly grasping the wheel, shut his teeth together and looked straight ahead, preserving most of the time a grim silence.

"Jest you wait!" he muttered at the last. "What in Passamaquoddy d'ye 'xpect in a leeward race? There's allus two halfs to every whole, an' the best half o' this race f'r the Ori*vaw* is the other half. Jest you wait till the home stretch! Of course he c'n beat us afore the wind — 'n' sech a wind as this."

These remarks did not especially reassure the young commander however, with the *Xanthippe* still running away from them ahead; and when, just at this time, the "pleasant little surprise" which had been prepared for him by his aunt Alec (as well as by certain other members of the family) was revealed to him, it is to be feared that his state of mind was hardly as calm and equable as might be wished. Perhaps it was fortunate that the first of the imprisoned passengers to put in an appearance upon deck was that one upon whom

the irritated young officer was least likely to visit violent wrath and that one too who, if it were necessary, was perhaps best able to endure such visitation.

It was Mrs. Alexandra Derringer who first emerged from her state-room and, with her finger between the leaves of her book, came slowly up the cabin stairs. Percy happened to be standing with his back towards her as she appeared. He turned quickly as he saw an expression of astonishment come into the weather-beaten face of the sailing master. Then of course, with emotions of profoundest astonishment on his own part, he beheld his great-aunt from California.

"Ah, Percy," she began gleefully, "I knew you would be surprised to see me here. Indeed, I am rather surprised myself. It never entered my head that this would be the best place —"

But by this time Mr. Percy had recovered the power of speech.

"Aunt Alexandra!" he ejaculated. "What in the name of all that's topsy-turvy are you doing here!" Then, realizing the meaning of her words

and that this was a little jest of the lady's, his face reddened and indignation took the place of his surprise. "I do wish that women knew enough to stay where they belonged!" cried he, with a rudeness of which, to Mrs. Derringer of all persons, he would not have been guilty had he continued master of himself. "You must have known, aunt Alec, that this was no place for you at such a time."

Mrs. Derringer's face all at once grew very red too, and she drew herself up with sudden dignity.

"Do I understand you to say, sir," demanded she, "that I do not belong here — that I am not wanted here? Very well, sir!" She looked haughtily about her as if she contemplated walking straight ashore from where she stood. "I will go on shore, then. Get me a boat, this *minute!* Do you hear, sir! I wish to be set on shore. Captain Holloway, I wish to be set on shore." With flashing eyes and fairly towering with wrath now, she looked, as she finished, directly over Percy's head, appealing to the sailing-master himself.

"Why, ma'am," that gentleman hastened to reply, quite thrown into confusion by her manner, "I'm afeared thet can't very well be, not jest yit. We've o'ney one boat aboard, ye see, and we can't let thet go. It's one of the Club reggylations, thet a yacht shall carry at least one boat in a race."

The irate lady listened to this with apparently unappeased anger; but the reply that seemed ready upon her lips was suddenly cut short by the appearance of another feminine head above the companion-way; and then the merry voice of Miss Jessie Buckner asserted the presence of that young lady. Coming out of their own stateroom immediately after Mrs. Derringer had left hers, the two girls, with Teddy, had listened, with amusement necessarily suppressed, to all that had passed.

"Wait a moment, wait a moment, Captain Percy," Jessie cried out, stepping forth and taking her place beside Mrs. Derringer. "Here are lots more of us. Please not expend all your wrath upon Mrs. Derringer. Save some of it for us. Come, Constance — come, Teddy." She glanced back and the other two stowaways now made their

slow appearance. "There!" Jessie sweetly continued. "*Now*, Captain Percy, let us hear all that you have to say. Divide it up among the four of us. O, we know very well that we have done something dreadful and we are prepared for anything. Will you make us walk the plank, or shall we all be hung up together at the yard-arm?"

The effect of this spirited address upon the parties already upon deck was decided, and, on the whole, very salutary. Captain Holloway, to whom the advent of the two girls was far from surprising, began to laugh in his peculiar fashion. But Mrs. Derringer and Percy, both being astonished beyond measure, forgot now something of their anger. Mrs. Derringer's good humor was indeed almost entirely restored by Jessie's piquant words and manner.

"It seems," she therefore said, in a much milder tone than she had last used, "that I am not the only culprit, then. I hardly expected this of you, Constance. And Teddy, too! I am afraid, Miss Jessie, that you are teaching these children to be very wicked. Though for that matter" — turning

back to Percy and with a slight return of displeasure — "I did not dream that a little jest like this was such an awful thing, until Percy told me."

By this time, Percy had somewhat recovered himself, and, although still deeply vexed, he felt that, in Mrs. Derringer's presence at least, he must make the best of the matter.

"I beg your pardon, aunt Alec," he forced himself to say. "I ought not to have spoken as I did. And, since you are here, of course you must stay; and the less said about it the better."

He did not trust himself to say more than this; and without even looking at the other three of the offending group, he strode away forward, there perhaps to still farther regain control of himself.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RACE AND FINISH.

MEANWHILE the race drew on; the *Xanthippe*, her rig and build exactly adapted to the present condition of wind and water, making decidedly better way of it than her adversary, and, at the end of half an hour, leaving the *Au Revoir* so far behind that the people on board the latter vessel began seriously to fear that the difference could not be made up.

Thus the English cutter was the first to sight the mark-boat; and, to the dismay of her people, it was now discovered that the course so far sailed had

been laid too far to westward and that the *Xanthippe* had therefore come quite a distance out of her way. She at once hauled her spinaker and changed her course: a movement which did not escape the wary observation of Captain Holloway, who instantly divined its cause and altered the course of his own vessel. This mistake was so far unfortunate for the Englishman as to reduce almost to nothing again the distance he had gained. The cutter's boom, too, was brought so far forward on her new course as to considerably cant her spinaker and cause decided inconvenience. The light sails of the *Au Revoir*, however, were now drawing finely and she rapidly drew up on her rival; so that, as at length they neared the stake-boat, the two yachts were in the same close company in which they had started.

The sailing master was in the best of spirits now and inclined to talk.

"Now, Cap'n Prettyman," cried he, rubbing his hands together and smiling blandly upon the ladies, "ef you reelly want to git red o' y'r pass'ngers, now's your chance. I'm goin' so near that mark-

boat thet they can step aboard of her from the deck here, es slick 's though they was gittin' out of a kerridge on to a mountin' block."

Percy laughed. He seemed now to have pretty well recovered his own good humor. "I think we will let them stay, now that they are here," returned he. "It is not exactly rulable, I believe, to drop anybody during a race. It looks now as though we should win, and we don't want to do anything to forfeit our chance. They'll have to lay pretty low, though, when we haul our wind."

"O, we will lay low, by all means," declared Jessie, speaking for them all. "We will do anything in our power to help win the race — even if it's going down stairs again."

True to his promise, Mr. Holloway did not take an inch more of room than was needed in rounding the mark-boat, coming up to the wind the instant it was possible and getting the advantage of a windward position. The *Xanthippe* — to the great joy of everybody on board the *Au Revoir*, for even the female heart can rejoice in the misfortune of a rival at such a time — bungled her

spinaker so badly in turning (getting it somehow foul of her jib) as to send her a hundred yards to leeward, causing her in turn a loss which it would be difficult to make good.

Then it was trim sheets and away for a long tack to port, the *Au Revoir* leading now and quite in her element, although the *Xanthippe*, by the aid of a big gaff-topsail which she presently hoisted, was following closely, and seeming not a whit dismayed.

The crew of the *Au Revoir* were now sent up under the weather rail; and even the passengers, as Percy had intimated, were called upon to so bestow themselves as to present as little resistance as possible to the wind.

To our hero, occupying a sheltered position near the bow of the sloop, Master Teddy presently joined himself and entered into conversation. Teddy was not a boy who remained silent or motionless long under any circumstances.

"By Jove!" pronounced the young gentleman, arranging himself upon the deck beside Flagler, and leaning his head upon his hand. "This is what I call bustavus; it makes me feel young again."

Flagler laughed aloud. Then, "Look here, youngster," said he, "that's not the way to talk — 'By Jove' and 'bustavus.'"

"Percy talks that way," declared Teddy. "*He* says 'By Jove' and 'dueced' and — and 'bustavus.'"

"Well, let him. But I wouldn't do it, if I were *you*. You begin by talking that way and by and by you will use worse expressions. The first thing a boy should do is to learn to talk like a gentleman."

"All right," said Teddy obligingly. "Of course, if you don't like 'em I won't use 'em."

"Very well, we will consider that a promise. *Gentlemen* always keep their promises."

"Percy don't," remarked the boy simply.

"So you are fond of yachting, are you?" asked Flagler, turning the discourse.

"Yes. Did you know I was going on the trip up the Bay?"

"No; are you? Did Percy say you might?"

Teddy shook his head. "No; Percy never lets me go anywhere."

"Then how will you go up the Bay with us? You can't stow yourself away on board again, as you did to-day, you know."

"No; but I'll tell you how I do." Teddy's voice and manner here grew very confidential. "I just keep on the right side of aunt Alec; and when I want anything, I ask her. She rules 'em all, you know. If *she* says I'm to go in the yacht, Percy won't dare say I can't."

"O," responded Flager. He had understood something of this before. "She rules them with a rod of iron, does she?"

"No," said Teddy seriously. "She rules 'em with a rod o' greenbacks, I guess."

Flagler burst out laughing. He thought this pretty good, as indeed it was. And he began to believe that this youthful cousin of his was a very shrewd and philosophical young person. In truth Master Theodore was but a fair specimen of a vast number of American boys who, under similar influences, are growing up and developing all about us. And they will be capable by and by, when it comes their turn to take charge of the world, of ad-

ministering its affairs in a highly successful and satisfactory manner if their mothers will only see to it that they grow up to be gentlemen as well as men.

"You mean that she is rich?" pursued Flagler.

"I guess she *is*!" assented Teddy with emphasis. Then his voice sank very low like that of a person who reveals the whereabouts of some enormous treasure. "Why, she's got five thousand million billion dollars! What do you think of *that*?"

"I don't think I am capable of thinking of it," answered Flagler.

"Well," said Teddy, "I know somebody who does think of it, and that's Percy. You see aunt Alec hasn't got any children nor nobody, and she wants to adopt one of her grand nephews; and mamma means it shall be Percy. I don't see though why it shouldn't be *me*. I don't know as I should like to be adopted though. Aunt Alec is bound to have her own way. But there's that other one that's at the Naval 'Cademy. Mamma don't mean it shall be *him*, though. I heard her and Percy talking about it Sunday."

"What!" cried Flagler with sudden vehemence. Then, to cover his astonishment, he went on quickly: "Do you mean to say that you have been *listening!* Look here. 'If there is anything in the world that is mean and contemptible'" — Flagler quoted this sentiment with a vast deal of private amusement — "'it is listening! No *gentleman* would do it!'"

Teddy seemed as much surprised at this declaration as Flagler himself had professed to be, a little while before.

"Well," protested he, "I want to hear things."

"No, you don't," said Flagler, "not in that way. At any rate, I don't want you telling me anything you've overheard in that way. The receiver is as bad as the thief."

There were matters enough, however, as to the Prettyman family, concerning which Flagler felt himself quite at liberty to ask questions, and for some time the two continued talking together, our hero gathering considerable information which was of interest to him. The conversation was at length interrupted by the cry of "Ready about!" from

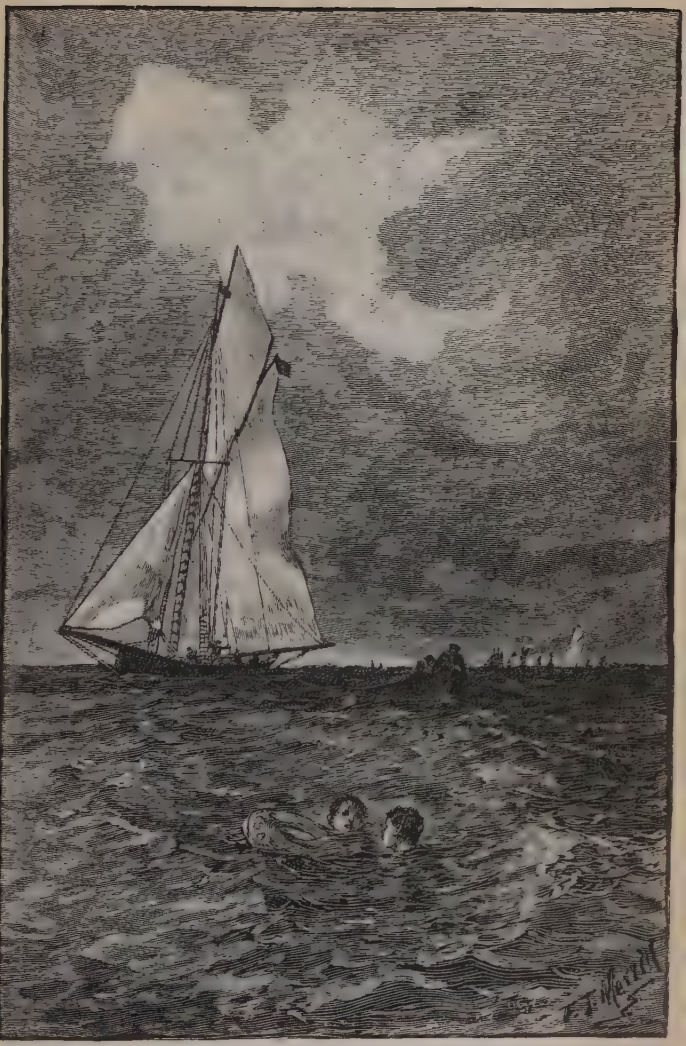
Captain Holloway, and Flagler hurried off to his post of duty.

The *Au Revoir* sprang away on the new tack a good half-mile, apparently, in advance of her adversary and now taking the coarseness of the water much less to heart. The *Xanthippe* reared and plunged heavily in the chopping sea, sometimes running her bow entirely under and wetting her jibs five feet deep. Everybody on board the *Au Revoir* had grown jubilant over the prospect. This was the last long tack ; and as the minutes passed it became clearly evident that the American yacht was fully holding what she had gained. Captain Percy waved his cap and loudly promised his passengers that they should taste of the sweets of victory from the hundred dollar cup as soon as they got on shore ; and even Mr. Holloway, fearful always of " crowing before getting out of the woods," smiled blandly and reckoned that the " big-feelin' Britisher " was beaten at last.

It seemed that there was still a chance of changing fortune however. At one o'clock the wind fell light again and veered to the westward, greatly

favoring the *Xanthippe* in her leeward position. She at once sent down her topsail and bent a much larger one, under the quickly felt influence of which she seemed actually to redouble her speed and rapidly to overhaul the *Au Revoir*. At two o'clock they were again in close company with the cutter likely presently to resume the lead. She was foolish enough however just at this time to "break tacks" with her opponent and stand over toward the eastern shore, an action which proved itself shortly a serious error. The *Au Revoir* now once more was found to be the gaining vessel and the sea was smoothing out some which was in her favor. At 2.15 the race seemed still pretty nearly an even one with the chances, on the whole, in favor of the black yacht. Alas! It was just at that time, too, that an event took place which utterly destroyed the prospect she thus rejoiced in.

All at once, while every eye was anxiously bent upon the rival boat, there broke in upon the intense silence that prevailed a childish cry, shrill and terrified but instantly cut short and smothered. The company aft heard it, recognizing the voice as that



TEDDY HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO OBEY.

of Master Teddy; and the next instant, to their profound horror, they saw flash by in the water over the side a half-submerged form which they knew to be that of the child. Flagler Hamlyn heard it too, as he bent over a coil of rope amidships; and he turned just in time to see a pair of knickerbockers and scarlet stockings vanishing over the starboard rail. He uttered a cry of dismay himself and then, shouting with all his might "Boy overboard!" he darted to the side, leaped upon the rail and balanced himself by the shroud a single instant; and then he too disappeared head foremost into the sea.

Instantly all was shouting and confusion on board and the race was forgotten. The mate called out for somebody to let go the life buoy and then hurried to execute his own orders. Percy ran wildly to and fro delivering all sorts of commands to which nobody paid any attention. The cries of the women were added to the din. But above all Captain Holloway's voice rose cool and angry, commanding quiet and directing that the boat be cleared forward. The next moment, calling out

some farther orders to Mr. Stoddard, he had given the wheel a turn and brought the yacht up into the wind, casting off the sheet himself and presently, as she fell away upon the other tack, easing it off until, barely three minutes after the accident occurred, she was running free straight back over her own track.

Meanwhile Flagler, coming to the surface again after having so promptly followed his cousin over the side, shook the water from his eyes and struck out vigorously in the proper direction as the yacht swept by him. He raised his head after a little to look about him and almost immediately he caught sight of the boy not a great distance away. He at once struck out again and soon had the satisfaction of feeling Teddy's clothing within his grasp. From that moment he knew that the matter was not a serious one and his spirits rose.

Master Teddy was not drowned yet by any means, although he was badly frightened and, to use a phrase appropriate to the occasion, had already shipped a good deal of water. He threw out his arms instantly as he realized Flagler's presence

and clasped them tightly about the latter's neck. Flagler, treading water to support himself, took hold of the child's wrists and with an effort wrenched himself free. Then in a low, intense voice he spoke to him, still holding his hands.

"Look here, Teddy," said he. "Listen to what I say, will you! If you'll just keep still and do as I tell you, I'll have you on board the yacht again in five minutes, and you will be all right. But if you grab me in that way again, I'll have to draw off and hit you to keep you still — and I'll do it, too! Now you hear me!"

Teddy did hear him and had sense enough to obey. Flagler took hold of him beneath the arm with his left hand and found himself easily able to support him thus and gently propel him through the water. He looked around for the life buoy which he knew must have been thrown over, and, discovering it at once, started toward it. The yacht, he perceived, had already been put about, and by the time he reached the buoy she was standing straight toward him. Two minutes later she came up into the wind again only a few fath-

oms away; the boat was put into the water and pulled rapidly toward them; and almost as quickly Flagler and Teddy with the life buoy were taken on board and safely restored to the yacht.

The joy with which they were received, especially by the ladies, may be imagined. And no bodily harm had resulted to any one from the affair. Flagler did not care a pin for the wetting; and Teddy, though still very white and sober, would evidently, with a little care, be none the worse for the adventure. But alas! off there to windward, scarcely half a mile from the Lightship now and almost among the yachts that had come out to meet her and the steamers from whose crowded decks cheers were already sounding and hats and handkerchiefs waving, the *Xanthippe*, once again certainly a victor, was proudly standing on. The delay caused by Teddy's mishap had lost the *Au Revoir* the race.

CHAPTER X.

UP THE BAY.

THE result of the race, severely disappointing as it was to those young people (among whom, in spite of the adjective, Mrs. Derringer determinedly includes herself) in whose company the reader saw it, cannot be said to have permanently dashed their spirits. Certainly a merrier, lighter-hearted party is rarely seen than that which, the next day but one, started off, about nine o'clock, for the trip "up the Bay." Even Mr. Percy, although —as Miss Jessie remarked—he had gone about all day yesterday looking "as glum as though he were going to the dentist," seemed now to be feeling his best again; Jessie herself was wild with delight; Constance in her quieter way was not less joyful; Mrs. Derringer beamed complacently above them all; Master Teddy, triumphant in having

gained his end, officiously superintended the embarkation, taking good care himself not to be left behind; and the *Au Revoir* too, with ensign and burgee aloft, held up her head as proudly, and stood out of the harbor as gayly as if she had never lost a race in her life. The morning was fresh and beautiful as ever in early summer followed the clearing off of a northeast rain storm; the wind, light and soft, came squarely over the larboard rail as the sloop turned northward into the East Passage; and all things, on board and over board, seemed to promise positively to the happy voyagers an excursion of unalloyed pleasure.

It took some time to settle down; but a half-hour after starting found the party quietly gathered aft, Percy at the wheel, the ladies sitting about in easy chairs, Teddy hanging over the rail with a view perhaps to ascertaining just how far he could go without falling overboard again. The talk, which had been for a while of this or that object as it appeared in sight upon the Rhode Island or Conanicut shore, had now returned inboard and became presently a discussion of the

plan and direction of their trip, which, it would seem, had not yet been definitely determined. They had the whole summer and all Narragansett Bay before them, Percy said. Where should they go? Jessie declared that she must report herself at Grayview the first thing, if it were only for a few hours, just to show herself to her grandfather and get a few things that she needed; so it was agreed that they should make their harbor that evening at Touisset, going up to take tea and spend the night at the house. Meanwhile what should they do with the day? This question Mrs. Derringer settled by declaring she had long had a desire to know what a Rhode Island clam-bake was like and that she thought they had best go over to Rocky Point and get their dinner — a proposal that quite met the wishes of all the party, Master Teddy being particularly vociferous in expressing his approval.

"Captain Percy," spoke up Jessie, breaking a short interval of silence, "do you and Mr. Holloway always do the steering yourself?"

"O, no," answered Percy. "We only steer

when we feel like it, or when we are very particular, as in getting under way or sailing a race. I was just thinking of calling somebody. Mr. Holloway" — he raised his voice and called out to the sailing master who was forward — "send a man aft, will you, to take the wheel?"

Flagler, who chanced to be near the sailing-master at that moment, stepped quickly forward and was ordered to the helm.

"Are you sure you know how to steer?" Percy asked him with a patronizing air as he made his appearance.

"I fancy I can do anything on board ship that — that is required." In his indignation at the question, Flagler had almost said, "anything that *you* can."

"Well," Percy allowed, "I guess I can trust you. It's a very simple matter, sailing her with the wind abeam, and light at that."

He relinquished the wheel therefore and went and sat down between Jessie and his sister.

"Have you had much experience on board yachts?" he asked, still addressing Flagler.

"No," replied our hero, rather loftily. "My experience has been mostly on larger vessels. I've handled a cat boat, though, ever since I was knee high to a bitt-head."

"I hope you don't call the *Au Revoir* a cat-boat!" exclaimed Percy.

"I should think you might call her what you pleased," Miss Jessie here put in, entering the conversation by main force. "After her losing the race on Tuesday, you certainly will have to change her name. The old one is no longer appropriate. That is," she immediately added, "if yachts *can* change their names — as well as persons." Her eyes, with the least hint of double meaning in them, rested upon Flagler as she said this.

"Well, yachts *can't* change their names — not without due formality," said Percy. "It's against the law."

"And isn't it against the law for *persons* to change their names, too — without due formality?"

"I believe there has to be an act of the Legislature or something," said Percy.

"O," murmured Miss Jessie innocently. "An act of the Legislature." And Flagler, very much occupied with his steering, wondered sorely whether or no she really meant anything by all this.

"But I don't propose to change the name of the *Au Revoir*," Percy continued. "It was no fault of hers that she didn't say good-by to the cutter. That is," he added, "unless you will suggest a better name. If you'll let me name her after a certain young lady, now —" He looked directly into the "certain young lady's" face.

"A certain young lady?" repeated Jessie with great obtuseness. "Why, yes; that would be just the thing. I suppose by a 'certain young lady' you mean Miss Lucy Long."

"Miss Lucy Long?" echoed Percy.

"Why, yes; because she 'takes her time,' you know. You've heard the song:

> Then take your time, Miss Lucy,
> Take your time Miss Lucy Long."

Miss Jessie merrily sang him the two lines of the song and then burst out laughing — the rest,

with the exception of Percy, heartily joining in.

"However," Jessie immediately went on, in a penitent tone, "to speak seriously, I don't think that is fair at all and I beg the *Au Revoir's* pardon. She behaved beautifully and would certainly have won the race except for the accident."

"Teddy," ordered Percy harshly, not yet quite recovered from Jessie's joke and farther irritated now by having the circumstances of the lost race directly recalled, "get down from that rail at once. We don't want to have to stop and pick you up again. You've done harm enough already by falling overboard."

"I think," observed Teddy with dignity and not instantly obeying, "that you have said enough about that." Which indeed was the fact. Percy had scolded his brother for falling overboard all the preceding day.

"Well, we should have won the race sure but for your carelessness. Get down from the rail."

"I *wasn't* careless," asserted Teddy, getting down now as he was bid and looking seriously around upon them all as if he meant to make a

speech. And then he made it. "I didn't fall overboard at all," said he. "*I was thrown over!*"

"Nonsense!" said Percy; and they all laughed outright at this grave assertion.

"You may laugh at me and call it nonsense, if you like," persisted Teddy. "But it *isn't* nonsense. You ask Flagg if it is." He looked at our hero significantly.

"What do you mean, anyway?" demanded Percy roughly. "And what does Flagg know about it, pray?" They all, now, glanced inquiringly at Flagler.

"I'm sure I know nothing at all about it," that person found himself obliged to say. Nevertheless his face flushed and he was evidently put out.

"Look here, now; that's a story," Teddy flatly avowed. "Didn't I tell you all about it?"

"You told me, an hour after it happened, that you *believed* somebody threw you over. But you weren't at all sure of it yourself; and you were pretty well mixed up about the whole affair — as no wonder."

"Well," declared Teddy stoutly, "I am sure of

it *now*. I give you my word and honor that somebody came up behind me and took me by the legs and pitched me over."

At this solemn account they all laughed again, the story indeed seeming simply ridiculous. Teddy, apparently, had gradually persuaded himself into believing that he had been thrown into the water instead of having fallen over himself. Perhaps he had been the more easily able to do so since in that case he could not at all have been blamed for the loss of the race.

"And why didn't you tell us this before?" Percy demanded, inclined to pursue him.

"Because Flagg told me not to," answered Teddy as sturdily as ever.

Flagg, in reply to this, perceiving himself the object of another general glance of inquiry, was again obliged to speak up for himself. "I did no such thing," said he, with perhaps rather too much warmth of manner; "I laughed at you, just as these people have done, and I told you you had better keep your story to yourself. It's a serious matter, accusing anybody of throwing you overboard."

"I didn't accuse anybody," returned Teddy, not without reason. "I haven't the slightest idea who it was that did it. *Somebody* did it though. I'm sure of that." And to this belief he was clearly determined to adhere although nobody else seemed inclined to adopt it.

"It seems to me," at this point Mrs. Derringer interposed, clearing her throat and looking around as though she also had a speech to make, "it seems to me that in our disappointment at losing the race and amid the bustle and excitement of getting ready for our trip, we have been led somewhat to overlook the great service performed by this excellent young man" — she was evidently speaking of Flagler — "in so nobly risking his own life to save that of Master Theodore. And I have been thinking, indeed, that some expression of our gratitude" —She was going ponderously on but Percy here interrupted her.

"Expression of gratitude!" exclaimed he pettishly and not seeming to mind at all the fact of Flagler's presence. "I should think that our gratitude had been pretty thoroughly expressed already.

I have heard nothing but praises of his 'heroism,' as you call it, ever since the thing occurred."

"I mean," explained Mrs. Derringer severely, "some more *substantial* expression of our gratitude than mere *words*. It was a gallant deed and deserves a medal from the Life Saving Society. Of course we cannot confer that, but we can do something"—the good lady, with more kindness of heart than delicacy perhaps, was actually feeling in her pocket for her purse.

"O, if it's money you are talking of," said Percy carelessly, "my father will make that all right."

Constance at the same time had put out her hand, gently restraining her aunt from going farther in her intention. Her finer instinct had told her at once that Flagler was not a person to be treated in this way.

"Very well," said Mrs. Derringer, yielding to Constance's motion without fully understanding it. "But I shall not forget it. Indeed I shall not!"

"I beg of you, Madam," at this juncture Flagler himself cried out, unable longer to restrain himself and speaking with a face deeply flushed, "I

beg of you to think nothing more about it. It was nothing at all to do — nothing more than anybody would have done. And as for any — any present or anything — I could not possibly "—

"Flagg," Percy here sternly addressed him, "you are not to speak to passengers unless you are spoken to."

Flagler bit his lip and his face was redder than ever; but he said nothing. Jessie Buckner who had been watching him all through the foregoing scene with an expression of keenest amusement, now came to his assistance.

"At any rate, Captain Percy," said she gayly, "I suppose he may speak if he *is* spoken to."

"You shouldn't talk to the man at the wheel," said Percy shortly.

"*I* mean to talk to him — just when I please," Miss Jessie declared. And she got up straightway and went over to a place beside our hero. "I want you to give me a lesson in steering," said she. "Is there any reason why a young lady may not learn to sail a yacht?"

"O, no," replied Flagler, thus addressed. "It's

a very simple matter indeed. I could teach you in no time."

"Very well; please begin."

The young man therefore — first casting a glance in Percy's direction to be sure that his so doing would not be regarded as a breach of discipline — proceeded, with great seriousness and in such terms as he conceived to be adapted to his pupil's comprehension, to comply with this request. Sailing a vessel, as no doubt the young lady understood, was simply making her go to a desired point by means of the wind. If the wind was blowing just the way you wanted to go, then of course all you had to do was to spread your sails full before it and let it blow you along. Such a wind was a *fair* wind; and this would be sailing *before the wind.* On the other hand, the wind might be *dead ahead,* that is directly *from* the point to which you wished to go, in which case it would be necessary to sail in zigzag fashion *across* the wind, hauling the sheet (Flagler explained that the "sheet" was a rope and not a sail) very nearly aft and working *into* the wind as fast as you could. This was called

beating or *tacking;* and when so doing a boat was said to be *close-hauled* or *on the wind.* Or the wind might blow directly from one *side* or the other (as it was doing now); and then also a vessel could lay her course straight to her destination, having her sail about half-way out. She would then be *running free* and the wind would be a *free* wind. And then he went on to explain the terms "starboard and "port," and to show the use of the wheel and rudder. Miss Jessie, although it may be doubted if she had been quite serious in her proposal in the first place, found herself listening presently with a great deal of interest (as indeed did the other two ladies also) and she at length asked to be allowed to take the wheel herself. This, again with a questioning glance at Percy, who sulkily nodded his permission, Flagler permitted her to do, without however letting go of it entirely himself. Miss Jessie enjoyed this exercise immensely, feeling very proud of her new accomplishment.

"O, dear!" she presently cried in great dismay. "There's a sail boat coming. What shall I do? Shall I *turn to the right?*"

Both Percy and Flagler laughed out loud at this.

"No," said the latter, "that isn't the rule of *this* road. And you won't have to turn *any* way for that fellow. He won't come very near us."

"But suppose he did come near us," Jessie wished to know. "Which way would I turn? What *is* the rule of this road?"

"There are a good many rules on this road," Flagler answered. "That boat yonder is going free just as we are, but she has the wind on her starboard side so *we* should be bound to look out for her, and she needn't trouble herself at all. If we were on the wind and she were before it, then *she* would be bound to look out. And where two vessels meet when both are close-hauled then the one on the port tack must do the looking out."

"Oho!" here Captain Percy suddenly interrupted. "You are entirely mistaken there, my friend. It is the one on the *starboard* tack, that must keep out of the way. I thought you said you knew how to steer. We shall be certain to get run down with you at the helm." Percy had been listening all the while to what Flagler had been say-

ing to Miss Jessie without at all enjoying it, and his manner now was anything but agreeable.

"I beg your pardon," returned Flagler firmly, "but it is *you* who are mistaken. A vessel on the port tack must always keep out the way of a vessel on the starboard tack."

"O, dear!" cried Jessie herself, "what *am* I to believe when the doctors disagree? Please decide as quickly as you can, in case we should meet a vessel." Then, seeing Captain Holloway approaching, she called out to him, "Mr. Holloway, O do come here as quick as you can."

"Well, Miss," said the sailing master, now one of the group, "what can I do for you?"

"It's nothing of any consequence," Percy languidly answered for her. "Only when you send a man to the wheel you ought to be sure that he knows the Rules of the Road. Will you be so kind as to tell this young man that when two vessels on the wind meet each other, the one on the starboard tack must keep out the way?"

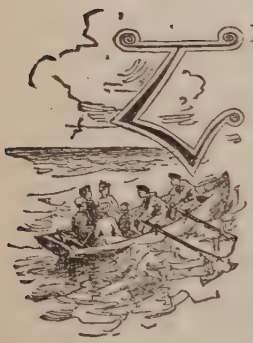
"Humph!" growled the master. "That is expectin' a good deal of my kindness if I'm to be

responsible for him. When two vessels are on the wind, the one on the *port* tack is the one that hes ter look out." There was a general laugh at Percy now in which even Flagler took the liberty to join. Percy himself was completely taken aback, but there was nothing left for him to say. He got up and walked away, very red and angry.

Captain Holloway now took the wheel and Flagler was released. As he was going back forward he caught the eye of Diego the steward fixed upon him with a peculiar look of distrust; and somehow or other what had up to this moment been only a strong suspicion in his mind suddenly developed itself into a conviction. This conviction was that Master Teddy *had* been thrown overboard on the day of the race and that it was the steward who had done the deed — probably bribed to do so by some person in order to lose the *Au Revoir* the race. From which it will appear that the young seaman — though he had told no lies — had not been quite frank in what he had lately said, but he had resolved to keep his suspicions entirely to himself until he could prove them well-grounded.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.



THEY came to anchor off Rocky Point about one o'clock; and Captain Percy at once ordered the gig lowered and took his passengers — Teddy among them — on shore. Rocky Point is, as the reader may be aware, one of the most popular and attractive of the many places of public resort that dot the shores of Narragansett Bay. They had their "clam dinner" and enjoyed it greatly; and then for two hours or more they wandered about the place, watching the people (who seemed present to-day in large numbers) and seeing the sights. They went up to get the view from the top of the

Tall Tower; they lingered long (as people, whoever they are, always do) at the Monkey Cage; they even at the last made their way into the vulgar precincts of a Punch and Judy show — though this, it is fair to say, was in quest of Master Teddy who had somehow been lost sight of and was not to be found at the Forest Circle, nor the Flying Horses, nor the Inclined Railway, nor even at the Dance Hall. It was after four when at length they took their way down to the water again (where the gig with Flagg and Chiswick seated in it was already waiting) and set off on their return to the yacht.

As they pulled out into the open water beyond the wharf, it became evident at once that there was quite a heavy sea on. The wind had hauled around nearly south and was blowing stiffly, while the tide had now turned and was running strongly against it. Flagler, mindful of their passengers and well aware that the handling of a small boat in rough water was a process requiring nerve and self possession, glanced anxiously in Percy's direction to see if he showed any signs of nervousness; but

that young gentleman appeared entirely unconcerned as he tightened the Filler-ropes and turned the boat's head toward the yacht. He even laughed as a wave presently broke itself upon the side of the boat and flung a slight shower of spray over its occupants, causing Jessie and Constance to utter a little scream.

These showers, as they proceeded, grew more frequent and serious; and even aunt Alec, old sailor as she claimed to be, by and by began to show signs of being troubled. Flagler from his seat at the stern oar looked on at all this with a good deal of disgust and not without apprehension. Once or twice, at the breaking of a larger wave than usual, an amount of water had come on board which might well have caused not merely annoyance and discomfort, but alarm. An experienced helmsman would have watched carefully for these larger waves and met them with the stern of his boat instead of her broadside. But Percy, either very ignorant or very thoughtless, kept straight on across them all, letting them do their worst. Once our hero, glancing over his shoulder and seeing a big wave coming,

ventured to call Percy's attention to it, but he was curtly told to mind his oar and speak when he was spoken to.

Flagler, biting his lip, had resolved to hold his peace in future, come what would; but a moment later he exclaimed in spite of himself and half rose from his seat as a wave larger than any they had yet encountered came rushing down upon them and breaking just before it reached the boat threw itself angrily over her side, half filling her with water. At the same instant the quick eye of the lad took in the fact that another of equal volume was hurrying on close behind the first, certain, as things were, to overwhelm them. He drew in his oar and sprang to his feet. The three ladies, deluged with water, clung to each other in terrified dismay; and Percy himself had jumped up in alarm, thoroughly sensible of the danger now but quite unequal to properly meeting it. Another moment and the boat would certainly have been swamped; but before that moment could pass Flagler, knowing just the right thing to do and fortunately cool enough to do it, had snatched the

rudder lines from his cousin's unresisting hands and given the boat a sheer that brought her so nearly head on to the approaching wave as to enable her to ride over it instead of squarely receiving its force. Then, without an instant's hesitation, he took command of the boat.

"Take my oar, quick," he sternly commanded Percy, "and help Chiswick pull. Teddy — Miss Constance — see if you can't bail out some of the water, please. Don't be frightened, ladies. There is not a particle of danger. We shall come out all right." He spoke rapidly and breathlessly, panting with excitement; but his manner was such as instantly to reassure them.

And indeed, as he had said, there was no serious danger, now that a competent person was at the helm. With perfect skill and coolness he took the boat in hand, calmly directing Percy and Chiswick at the oars, carefully watching the great "wakers" as they came thundering down meeting them always with the boat stern on, backing water steadily each time as the encounter took place and each time when the encounter was over pulling

ahead a stroke or two and giving the helm a twist, to prevent a too heavy pitching of the boat and bring her into position for the next wave. Meanwhile, as now and then an interval of smoother water allowed, such headway was made in a diagonal direction as brought them after a while to a point directly to windward of the yacht, from which, steadily backing water before the sea, they were easily able to drop down under the yacht's lee and come up alongside. Here Captain Percy resumed his accustomed bearing and authority ; and the passengers, quickly transferred to the deck of the yacht, went off, drenched and miserable, to their cabins.

Some three quarters of an hour later, when the two girls, followed in a moment by Mrs. Derringer, came on deck again, a strange thing had happened. The yacht was underway once more (as indeed they had been aware for the last fifteen minutes), standing straight off the shore, from which she was already well distant ; but Captain Holloway was nowhere to be seen, and Percy, who had evidently not yet recovered from the fit of ill humor into which the boat adventure had thrown him, curtly informed

them that the sailing-master had been left behind. They had waited for him, the young gentleman condescended to inform them, until they could wait no longer. He had no business to go ashore at all; and he certainly should have been back long ago. He knew they wanted to get to Grayview in time for supper. But it would teach him a lesson; he would find that his presence was not indispensable on board the yacht. He would turn up again, at Touisset, to-morrow.

"Indispensable!" cried Jessie, while Constance stood by deeply distressed at Percy's wilfulness, and Mrs. Derringer looked a disapproval too great for words, "I don't know about that. After the exhibition you gave us this afternoon of your skill in handling a little boat, we may very well be excused if we entertain some doubts as to your ability to manage a big one." Miss Jessie had by no means forgiven Master Percy the fright and wetting he had given her. "However," she coolly added, "in case of very great danger we can call upon Thomas Flagg."

"Thomas Flagg!" shouted Percy, exasperated

beyond all control. "I'm tired to death of Thomas Flagg! I wish Thomas Flagg was in Nova Scotia!"

"Humph!" Jessie retorted, "it has been very fortunate for us, once or twice, that he *wasn't* there."

Whereupon Percy, not trusting himself to say more, turned savagely away.

It so fell that some time after this, the *Au Revoir* being now well over to the eastern side of the Bay again, Flagler Hamlyn found himself once more at the wheel. It was now half-past five o'clock, the weather still perfectly clear, the wind blowing freshly — though none too freshly — from the south. The ladies were sitting aft, enjoying the sail but for the most part in silence. The events of the afternoon had cast a damper upon their spirits which Percy, although he had put on a semblance of good-humor again and tried to act as though nothing had happened, had not been able to remove; and the young captain himself had finally relapsed into further sulkiness.

"Percy," Constance asked him by and by,

"ar'n't we going to pass rather near to that vessel yonder?"

Percy, who was pacing the deck, halted and looked in the direction indicated by his sister's glance. Out forward, directly in their course, was a large schooner, standing straight toward them on a precisely opposite course, as yet nearly half a mile distant but rapidly drawing nearer, both vessels, of course, having the wind free. Percy at once called out to Flagler:

"Man at the helm, there."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"There's a schooner out ahead there."

"I see her, sir."

"Well, look out for her," ordered Percy.

"All right, sir."

Both vessels stood on and it presently became evident that they were to pass each other very closely indeed. To the fancy of one on board the yacht, the larger vessel, scarcely an eighth of a mile distant now, might easily have seemed some huge monster that had sighted its prey and was rushing surely upon it to destroy it.

Percy spoke to Flagler again :

"I say there, Flagg, did you hear what I said? Look out for that schooner."

"I am looking out for her," Flagler answered with inward impatience. "We have the right of way. It's their business to look out." Flagler understood the rule of the case perfectly well. With both vessels going free it was the stranger's place, having the wind aport, to keep out of their way. The yacht indeed, as they came to close quarters, was bound to carefully keep her course to prevent confusion.

"Nevertheless," observed Percy with importance, by no means sure himself as to the rule but not disposed to contradict our hero after the experience of the morning, "nevertheless, we must be careful. If that fellow struck us, he'd knock us into smithereens."

"It's high time he changed his course though," continued Flagler, scowling in the stranger's direction. "The fact is, he don't mean to until the last minute. He thinks maybe we'll get scared and haul our wind a bit so he won't have to do it at

all. These big fellows are like the heavy wagons on the road. They won't turn out until they have to, and then they won't give you more than half the road."

Still nearer drew the two vessels and not yet had the schooner altered her course. It was quite clear to Flagler now that the tactics he had described were precisely those which were being practised on board of her. He could see the officer aft and that he had everything all ready and his vessel perfectly in hand. Flagler thought he was risking more than he had a right to do but he felt no particular anxiety. A fine vessel, well handled, is as quick to obey her master's will as a bicycle in the hands of a skilful rider. Straight as an arrow therefore our young sailor held the *Au Revoir* to her course, well aware that any variation from it now might of itself be the direct cause of collision.

Until the very last instant indeed the captain of the strange vessel did wait, and scarcely half a dozen fathoms apart did the two seem when Flagler heard the proper order given. Yet all would have gone entirely well save for a most foolish and

unwarrantable interference on the part of Captain Percy himself.

Percy had watched the still nearer approach of the stranger with growing and at length uncontrollable anxiety. Seeing her at the last so very near and still with no apparent intention of altering her course, he could restrain himself no longer. He turned and shouted out to Flagler to put his helm to starboard; but the latter, his whole soul intent upon keeping the *Au Revoir* to her course and watching the movements of the stranger, either did not or would not hear him. Then, thoroughly frightened at the prospect of a collision, angry that his order was disregarded, and possibly too, beside these two feelings, being possessed also with an absurd idea of somehow serving our hero in this moment of danger something as the latter had served him a few hours before and by a marked display of decision and skill on his own part ward off the peril and reinstate himself in the admiration of the ladies — he sprang to the stern and just at the instant that the schooner at last put down her helm he seized the wheel before the astonished

helmsman could realize his intention, much less oppose it, and gave it a violent turn. Even this action, however, though it was anything but a wise one, would have worked no harm if it had been exactly what Mr. Percy meant it to be. But unfortunately, facing aft as he seized the wheel and thus occupying a position in regard to it just the opposite of that to which he was accustomed, in the excitement of the moment he failed to allow for the fact, and the turn he gave it was in the wrong direction. The result was that instead of the yacht's coming nearer the wind as he intended, she suddenly fell away, taking a sheer in consequence directly down upon the larger vessel, which, falling off herself also, was now close at hand. The next moment, in spite of anything that could be done on either craft — for indeed there was not time to raise a finger or shout an order — the two vessels came together with a shock which, although it could hardly have been seriously felt by the schooner, seemed violent enough on board the smaller vessel. At the same time there was a crash forward which also no doubt seemed to the

yacht's people very terrible. Percy stood aghast. The ladies screamed and then remained pale and silent. The men forward shouted and, one of their number hurrying aft, the rest ran to the bow. Flagler wrenched the wheel from Percy's now nerveless grasp, instantly reversing it; and then, letting it go for a moment, he laid hold of the main sheet and aided by the man who had come to his assistance, quickly hauled it aft. The yacht, under this prompt treatment, finding herself not in any way entangled with the schooner, instantly came up into the wind and bearing away from the other vessel the two were quickly stern to stern.

Percy, who had by this time recovered his voice if not his wits, cried out over the rail to the captain of the schooner:

"Don't leave us! Don't for goodness' sake leave us! We may be sinking."

"Sinking!" ejaculated Flagler with profound contempt. He had cast off the sheet now and the yacht was lying in the wind. "They've only carried away our bowsprit and smashed the figurehead. Then he himself angrily shouted at the captain of

the receding vessel. "You'd no business to stand on so long," said he. "Why don't you take somebody of your size if you want to run people down?"

"Why don't you learn to steer?" came back in surly tones from the schooner's deck. "If you'd kept your course as you ought, we shouldn't have run you down." And then the vessel passed out of hailing distance.

Stoddard now came aft to say that nothing more serious had happened to them than, as Flagler had said, the loss of the bowsprit. It had been broken off near the gammon iron and was hanging over the bow. It could easily be repaired, however, for the time, he said; and he and Percy went forward to see about it. The three ladies and Master Teddy, their fright now passed away and their interest excited, went with them leaving Flagler at the wheel by himself. Stoddard, though no navigator and not at all fitted to command, was a good practical sailor and under his direction the broken spar was "parbuckled" alongside to leeward and the jib and gear secured. A half-hour of hard work then served to

refit, as well as might be, the damaged member and replace the shrouds and stays. A reefed jib was then set, the helm put up, and sail once more made on the yacht.

Percy, greatly exalted in his own good opinion by the skill he considered himself to have shown in repairing the damage, but still very much chagrined at what had befallen, came aft again now, and seeing our hero, at once severely addressed him.

"Flagg," said he, "I don't consider you competent to steer. If you had known what you were about, this could not have happened. You may go forward and send Chiswick to take your place. You need not come to the wheel at all in future."

Flagler, completely astounded at this remarkable speech, mechanically yielded up the helm. "Why," uttered he, "you don't mean to say that *I* am to blame, do you?"

"To blame!" cried Percy indignantly. "Of course you are to blame! Weren't you at the helm?"

"Yes; but it was you who put it aport and

brought on the collision. We should have cleared her all right but for that."

"Nonsense!" said Percy. "When I saw that a collision was inevitable, I sprang to the wheel and tried to prevent it. But I was too late." Percy had evidently adopted a theory of the affair which, although not quite in accordance with the facts, was eminently calculated to put his own conduct in a favorable light.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated our hero, very red in the face. "You must know very well"—

But Percy stopped him with a lofty wave of the hand. "I don't wish to hear another word. You were both careless and disobedient. You deserve your discharge and I'm not sure but you will get it. You may go forward and do as I say."

Flagler, controlling his wrath now with the greatest difficulty, stood and looked at his companion for a moment with an expression which could not have been pleasing to its object. He had told his friend Merivale that he had, in their younger days, on several occasions given his cousin Percy a thrashing;

and if ever, since their meeting again, he hab felt like repeating the operation it was now. He restrained himself however; and presently, without farther word, he turned on his heel and went forward as he was bid.

CHAPTER XII.

DISMISSED THE SERVICE.

THE wind that had been so favorable all day to the *Au Revoir* grew lighter as night came on, and having taken her well through Bristol Ferry left her to get on beyond that as best she could, quite dying out in the west with the rays of the setting sun. A kindly land breeze came off to them before long however, before which, over a sea all afloat with moonbeams and under white stars and skies blue as day, the sloop slowly glided across the Bay of Mount Hope and into the inlet where lay her final destination. Her company had had to take supper on board after all; but the moonlight sail afterwards was so delightful, that no one regretted the delay; and all were in a thoroughly happy mood again as they stepped on board the gig and were conveyed to the shore.

The way to "Grayview" lay some distance across the meadow and up a long, shaded lane. There was more or less luggage to be carried and Percy very willingly made this an excuse for taking Diego, the steward, along. He had a notion that it looked decidedly "English" to be attended by a man-servant when he went about. Who can say but that our hero, Flagler Hamlyn, if he had behaved himself a bit more circumspectly and carefully flattered the young commander's sense of his own importance instead of constantly offending it — who can say but that *he* might have been permitted to attend Mr. Percy to-night in place of the Cuban (and possibly been promoted ultimately to be his permanent valet and body-servant) instead of being left, as he now was, to mope away the remainder of the evening as anchor-watch on board the *Au Revoir*.

At the end of the lane, passing through a great gate, the party came to a broad country road on which, a short distance farther along, where it turned a corner, stood the house to which they were going, the residence of Miss Jessie's Grand-

father Graham. This house stood some way back, on high ground which had never been graded to the road but was built up by a wall of solid masonary. A flight of wide stone steps lead up from the road to the lawn above which looked very pretty and inviting with its big trees, its rustic seats and scarlet pots of plants set on stumps here and there, its croquet wickets and tennis court — as the visitors went up the path. The house itself, a rambling, two-story farmhouse of the better sort, appeared quite charming too as it loomed up snowy white in the moonlight, surrounded by roomy, long-ranging piazzas and shadowed by gigantic elms. An old gentleman, venerable, but apparently hale and vigorous, was seated on the front porch. Miss Jessie ran straight up to him and threw her arms about his neck, kissing him twenty times; after which she named him to the company as her grandfather and introduced them all. Mr. Graham with courtly and unmistakable genuine hospitality made them welcome and they sat down at once in the piazza chairs, too tired just yet to go further and feeling already quite at home.

"I was expecting you to-night," the old gentleman said, "and was going to wait up till you came."

"O, yes," Jessie answered him, "I wrote you that we should surely be here to-night."

"Why," said Percy, "I thought we didn't decide about it till this morning, on the yacht."

"*I* decided it long before," declared Jessie; and they all laughed.

"That's the way it is, Mr. Prettyman," Mr. Graham said. "Jessie decides everything for herself beforehand and then she manages us all and makes us do as she has planned."

"Yes," said Percy, "but there was the wind and weather, you know, She could not depend upon *their* doing just as she had planned."

"No," cried Jessie, "but I could certainly depend on carrying out my plans in spite of them, when I had so gallant and skilful a sailor as Captain Percy Prettyman and so fine a yacht as the *Au Revoir* at my service."

Whereat they all laughed again, Percy with them, although the latter was not quite sure whether this was spoken in irony or in earnest.

"At all events," Mr. Graham heartily declared, "here you are; and I am much obliged to Jessie for planning your visit and to Mr. Prettyman and his yacht for bringing you. I am a solitary old man, living here alone with my two or three servants; and so long as you care to stay I shall be only too glad to have you. You must make yourselves at home; and really I do hope you'll stay a few days at the very least."

"You are very good, sir," Mrs. Derringer responded. "And indeed I do not know how anything could be pleasanter for us than a few days spent with you here. Miss Jessie has already made us familiar with the charms of Grayview."

"Well," said Percy who had thought the matter over, "I don't know why we shouldn't, then — especially since the accident to the yacht. She'll have to go around to Bristol for a new bowsprit; and I can easily drive over there from here if there is anything I need see to personally."

"O yes!" exclaimed Constance. "Do let us stay. Of course we can't stay at Bristol with the yacht."

"And indeed, then," Jessie herself avowed at the last, "what do you suppose I meant all the time by getting you up here? To let you go away the next morning? Indeed I did not! I *intended* you should stay." Whereupon they all laughed.

So Percy presently went around to the side hall (whither the steward had been sent) to find Diego and send back by him a message to Mr. Stoddard. The yacht was to get under way early in the morning if the wind permitted and go to Bristol. Percy himself would ride over during the forenoon and see about the repairs.

Diego received the message but still seemed loath to go, appearing to have something he wished to say.

"The accident to the yacht — it was foolishness, you think?" he asked.

"Foolishness!" Percy answered, "I should think it was! It might have been avoided just as well as not."

"It was all *his* fault — Thomas Flagg. Myself, I saw."

"Of course it was his fault," Percy declared

emphatically. "And he ought to be discharged for it. I'd do it, too, only the women would make such a fuss about it. You saw it, did you? You saw, then, how if I had only been a moment sooner I could even then have prevented it."

"*Si.* I saw."

"Well, I'm glad you did. I may want your testimony in the matter. That fellow actually had the impudence to say that if I had let the wheel alone it would not have happened."

"*Si*," said the steward again. "I saw it. I can swear it was the fault of his."

"All right," said Percy, well pleased, and was turning to go in; but the steward spoke again.

"This Flagg, he is very — *presumido* — what you call it? — puts himself forward."

"Puts himself forward! I should say he did! He is always putting himself forward. I never saw such a conceited, presuming, meddlesome fellow."

The steward showed signs of satisfaction.

"And the ladies," he went on, "they think him fine fellow?"

"O, yes," replied Percy, who found this conver-

sation rather grateful and pleasant than otherwise. "They've made a hero of him ever since he jumped overboard after Teddy."

"Ah!" uttered Diego with an air of having reached at length a point to which he had been looking. He waited a moment. Then, "It was very strange," said he, "that Master Teddy fall overboard?" All of his assertions seemed to have an interrogatian point at the end.

"Strange! Why?" Then Percy saw from the steward's manner that he meant something in particular. "I say now," he demanded, "what do *you* know about it?"

"I know Master Teddy not fall over at all," pronounced the Cuban slowly. "Him *thrown* over."

Percy was not so much surprised at this assertion (for the reader will remember that the idea was not new to him) as he was suddenly interested and excited.

"How do you know?" cried he.

"Myself, I saw him."

"You *saw* him thrown over?"

"*Si.*"

"Who did it?" was Percy's now eager demand.

"*He* did it — *Thomas Flagg*."

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the young gentleman. Then he gave vent to a long, low whistle, expressive not so much of astonishment after all as of peculiar satisfaction. The fact communicated was quite in accordance with what he knew of Thomas Flagg and his character, and Percy now recalled too the conversation of the morning. He therefore, as he heard the young seaman thus accused, did not entertain the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of the accusation; and perhaps indeed he was not at all sorry to believe it true. "Aha, Mr. Flagg," he muttered to himself, "I guess we have got you now." And then he exclaimed aloud, "The villain! The rascal! And you saw him do it, Diego?"

"*Si* — I saw him. *Yo empeño mi honor*. I give my word of honor."

Then in his broken English plentifully mingled with Spanish words and phrases the steward went on rapidly to tell how by chance, with his own eyes, himself unseen, he had seen Flagg go up be-

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hind Master Teddy as he stood looking over the rail, and, after one stealthy glance around to make sure nobody saw him, seize the boy by the legs and pitch him headlong into the sea. He (Diego) had at first thought he would speak of it to nobody since the boy was safe; but he had later felt that he ought to reveal it. And it was all true as he had told it, he again pledged Captain Percy his word of honor.

"True!" Percy exclaimed. "I haven't a doubt that it is true. It is quite in keeping with what he has shown himself to be. He did it just to get a chance to make a hero of himself. He threw Teddy over on purpose to jump after him. The precious rascal! Yes, he *does* deserve a medal from the Humane Society!" Percy stood a moment wrapt in thought. "Well, Diego," he then concluded, "I'm much obliged to *you;* and I sha'n't forget it. Good-night. On the whole, I guess you'd better tell Stoddard that I *will* go around in the yacht in the morning. I'll be down early and get my breakfast on board." So saying, he turned in-doors.

Percy's reason for changing his mind about going to Bristol on the yacht was simply that, having now of course quite determined upon discharging Thomas Flagg, he thought it best to do it quietly and without the knowledge of Constance and Jessie or his aunt Alec. They could hardly deny now that he ought to be discharged (indeed, Percy declared to himself, they could hardly deny he ought to be hung) but there was no knowing what difficulties they might make, and he resolved to discharge his man first and tell the ladies afterwards.

He therefore did not even mention, that night, his change of intention; and he went off the next morning before the rest were up. On board the yacht too he maintained a grim silence as to his intention until they had reached their destination and were hauled into the dock. Then once again Flagler found himself summoned aft.

"Flagg" — thus Percy curtly addressed him — "you may take your box or bag or whatever you have, and go ashore. You are discharged."

Flagler stood dumbfounded at this unexpected and seemingly unreasonable command.

"Do you hear me?" Percy continued. "You are discharged. Stoddard will pay you off."

"What is this for?" Flagler demanded. "Why am I discharged?" The fact itself did not at this moment seem to him so much a calamity as an outrage.

"Your conduct yesterday would be a sufficient reason," said Percy. "But, as you very well know, there is something worse than that. You are discharged for throwing overboard my brother Teddy, the day of the race. And you may thank your stars that you get off so easy. You must be aware that it is a state prison offence."

"Do you mean to say?"—gasped Flagler in astonishment, and then stopped, slowly taking in the full force of the accusation and scarcely able to believe it had been seriously made. Then he fiercely asked, "Who *says* I did it?"

"It doesn't matter," returned Percy coldly. "You were *seen* to do it."

"Seen!" repeated Flagler, again bewildered. But then he burst out hotly, "It's a cold-blooded, wicked, cowardly *lie!* Who saw me?'

"It doesn't matter," Percy again haughtily replied. "This is not a court of justice, that I need prove everything I say. But I give you fair warning. If ever you come on board this yacht again or ever show yourself where I am, I will deliver you up to a court of justice. You may go. There is nothing more to be said."

Flagler regarded his cousin for a moment and realized that, so far as clearing himself of this charge was concerned, it was indeed useless to say anything more. Even were he to speak up this moment and say who he really was, he was sure it would make no difference. Percy hated him and was bound to believe this of him. But he had no thought of so speaking up, even if it would have made a difference. He had not found his adventure quite all that his fancy had painted it in point of interest and excitement and he was not at all sorry to end it; he certainly had no particular desire to remain longer in a position which exposed him constantly to Percy's insolence and injustice and yet deprived him of all power of defending himself against it. He was quite ready, on the whole,

to leave the yacht. But he was thoroughly angry now and by no means disposed to go in utter silence. With eyes flashing scorn and wrathful indignation therefore he raised his voice for a final word. The reader, knowing his provocation, will surely excuse him if his language seems somewhat strong.

"As to your yacht," cried he, replying to Percy's threat, "I have no desire, I assure you, ever to come on board of her again. But as to my showing myself to you elsewhere, let me tell you that I expect to go about where I please; and if you happen to come where I am, you will see me. I don't think I shall hide from you. But I give *you* fair warning that if you come in my way, I'll throw *you* overboard. And I won't jump over after you, as I did your brother, either. Indeed," he suddenly added, advancing a step, "I've a great mind to do it now."

Percy hastily drew back and called out loudly to Mr. Stoddard on the wharf. "Stoddard, come down here, will you? I want you to see how much is due this man, and pay him off. I've discharged

him. Come to me and I'll give you the money. I shall be below." And so saying, not without show of trepidation, he stepped quickly past our hero and disappeared down the companion way.

Of course there was nothing for Flagler to do after this but go forward and get his things, as he had been bid.

"Well," he observed to himself a few minutes later, as he put his trunk out on the wharf and then climbed up after it, "this is what I call being dismissed without the privilege of resigning."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRISTRAM TUCKERMAN.

TRISTRAM TUCKERMAN was a young man who lived at Providence, Rhode Island; a son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of that city, and a member of the Sophomore class of Brown University. He had the name of being a queer fellow. He was queer-looking, to begin with. He was lank and long-legged, with a figure that no garments, however well cut, could possibly be made to fit; his face was florid and homely; his stiff, sandy hair, always cropped short, stood straight up on his head; and his near-sighted way of looking at people (he always took off his eye-

glasses when he spoke to anyone) added to the general odd effect. He was queer in his speech, too; he had a peculiarly solemn, deliberate and at the same time half-comical way of uttering himself which never varied and which often left one in doubt whether he was in jest or earnest. And he was queer in his tastes and notions and actions.

He always had plenty of money; but, although free enough with it, he never seemed to care to spend it like other rich men's sons. He was a great reader (though a poor student) and he was fond of his own society, which he gravely declared to be the very best he could find. Perhaps he was never so happy as when starting off all by himself for a ten-mile tramp into the country, or stretched at full-length under one of the elm trees on the back campus poring over some dusty old volume gotten down from the highest shelf of the darkest alcove of the library. It must not be thought from all this, however, that he was dull or unpopular among his fellows, who liked him very much and who testified to their affection for him by applying to him the endearing diminutive of "Tuck."

One queer freak of this peculiar young gentleman was the purchasing, just at the beginning of the long vacation, of a sixteen-foot cat-boat, and setting off in her, entirely alone, one fine July morning, for a trip down Narragansett Bay. What made this performance an especially queer one was the fact that he had never sailed a boat in his life and knew no more about it than the King of Dahomey. How he ever got himself and his craft so far as Bristol in safety, it is hard to say. But get there he did; and there, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just as he is about to get under way and put to sea again, with the reader's permission we will join him.

The boat lay, head to shore, along the south side of the steamboat wharf, where Tristram had run her in, full before the wind, two hours before and nearly stove her bow in doing it. Her enterprising owner was standing in the cock-pit pulling away with all his might at the halliards (which ran aft), trying to hoist the sail. It went up rather hard and presently began to blow against the wharf and cling there. Tristram paused a moment to

wipe his brow and recover breath. Then he set to work again more fiercely than ever; but the sail now stuck fast and refused to move another inch. He stopped again and looked helplessly up at the rings on the mast, wondering what was wrong. Just then a pleasant voice addressed him from the wharf above:

"This is rather an awkward place to get your sail up. Hadn't you better haul around to the head of the wharf and wind her?"

Tristram raised his eyes and saw a brown-faced, well-looking, sailor-like young fellow standing on the cap-log. He took off his eyeglasses and wiped his face again with his red silk handkerchief.

"Wind her?" he at length repeated, in his sober fashion, still very much out of breath. "Well, I don't know why not. She has completely winded *me*."

The stranger laughed. "It's no easy job," said he, "getting under way on the windward side of a wharf with a fresh breeze blowing. Just drop your sail again — hadn't you better — and I'll help you a bit."

He went and untied the painter and then walked along the cap-log with it, easily putting the boat in motion and running her slowly out beyond the corner of the wharf, from whence, caught by the wind, she quickly swung round into the proper position.

"There," he added, "now you can get your sail up without trouble. I'll shove her bow off when you're ready." Then he stood there, still holding the painter, presently laying hold of the halliards and helping hoist the sail. Evidently he understood how to handle a boat; but his assistance seemed to be given purely out of good nature and not from any desire to show off his superior knowledge.

"You've a snug little boat here," he said to Tristram, after the sail was up. "Does she belong to you?"

Tristram took time to seat himself upon the wash-board and once more apply his handkerchief to his flushed face before he answered with a sigh of profoundest resignation:

"Yes; I suppose I must say she does. Though

I feel a good deal like the man who had bought him an elephant. She has been rather too much for me, so far."

He looked up at the stranger, examining him with some interest now, and privately reflecting that although not particularly well dressed he did not look like a common person.

"What do you call her?" the other continued to ask.

"Well, I generally call her *The Boy*."

"*The Boy?*"

"Yes. Or, if I wish to be exact, I speak of her as *The Boy Who Stood*."

"Eh?" The stranger looked puzzled.

"Yes. Or, if I wish to be *very* exact, *The Boy Who Stood On The Burning Deck*."

"Oh! Then her name is—"

"Her name is the *Casabianca*. You've heard the story, perhaps?"

The other laughed. "O, yes; I've heard the story. It's a good name, too."

"Yes," said Tristram, "it's a good name, but rather long. When I come to know her better I

shall call her the *Cassie*. At present I don't feel well enough acquainted to take any liberties. I've only had her a week." Then he added fervently, after a moment, "I only hope I sha'n't sink her, learning to sail her."

"You don't know how to sail her, then?"

"Well, no. Boat-sailing isn't a required study at my college."

"I wish I could give you a lesson," declared the stranger with interest. As it happened, boat-sailing *was* a required study at his college. "I could teach you more in half an hour than you could learn by yourself in a week. Besides, it isn't quite safe, is it, hanging around in a boat like this, all by yourself?"

"No," assented Tristram, "I don't think it is quite safe — not for the boat." He sat for a moment, diligently breathing upon his eyeglasses and polishing them with his handkerchief. Then he looked up again. "You seem to be a well-disposed, benevolent sort of person," said he. "Suppose you go out with me, now, and give me a lesson."

"O, but I can't," answered the stranger, rather regretfully. "I'm going to Providence on the steamer. Then suddenly he cried out with great energy, "And look here, there she is this minute, almost upon us. You'll have to get out of here at once, my friend, or your *Casabianca* will go down at her post like her illustrious namesake."

Tristram glanced coolly over his shoulder at the approaching steamer. "All right," said he. "Jump in, then. *I'll* take you to Providence." It made no difference to him where he went.

"O, but —" The stranger hesitated, not quite prepared for this proposition. "It may take us all night."

"Never mind. There are two good bunks and plenty to eat on board. Jump in."

The other looked once more at the steamer, now close at hand. Somebody was gesticulating furiously from her wheel-house and a voice at this moment shouted at them from behind. "Well," said he, "rather than see a good boat smashed to splinters, I'll do it." And throwing the painter on board, he gave the bow a vigorous push by

means of the stay, jumped to the deck, and going quickly aft, took the sheet and tiller himself. The *Casabianca*, thus taken in hand, gathered way without a moment's hesitation and glided swiftly from her perilous berth just as the steamer, with much spluttering and shouting and ringing of bells, ponderously drifted up to make her landing.

"Did you come from Providence to-day?" the helmsman inquired, taking his seat and laying the boat's course directly for Poppasquash Point. "How did you ever manage to get here?"

"I didn't find it particularly difficult," Tristram answered. He had settled himself comfortably now with his arms outside the wash-board, seemingly quite willing that someone else should sail the boat for him. "All I had to do was to sit still and let the wind blow me along. I got down Providence River easy enough — the wind was west and very light all the morning — and then I was intending to run around to the Buttonwoods, but the boat somehow or other found it out and started straight off across the Bay instead, in spite of anything I could do. I thought she was going

to take me over to Fall River; but the wind hauled around to the southward and she came in here. It didn't much matter to me where I went. I'm out for a general cruise."

"All by yourself, eh?—and without knowing anything about a boat?" The stranger seemed greatly amused.

"Well, I had a pocket compass, and a map of Narragansett Bay, and a book that tells you how to sail a boat. I guess I shall go it."

"I guess you will," laughed the other. "Only, sailing a boat is a good deal like riding a bicycle, you know. You can't learn how out of a book."

"No; but you'll learn to ride quickest by just getting on and striking out for yourself; and the same rule holds good in learning to sail a boat, I take it."

"Yes—if you don't get yourself drowned before you learn."

"Humph!" returned Tristram, "I'm not afraid of getting drowned in Narragansett Bay."

"You think you could wade ashore from most anywhere in it, do you?" The speaker glanced

significantly at the long legs of his companion which were stretched quite across the boat and braced against the opposite seat. Then they laughed heartily together and felt themselves rapidly becoming acquainted.

Presently, too, a fact came out that served the purpose of a formal introduction and seemed to set their acquaintance upon a substantial basis.

"As I understand it, it doesn't matter to you whether we get to Providence to-night or not?" This was said by Tristram's new acquaintance just as, having at length rounded the Point, he put the *Casabianca* before the wind, heading her to northward.

"It doesn't matter to me if we don't get there for a week," was the answer. "I am only going there on your account."

"Well, I don't know that it much matters to me, either," the stranger observed reflectively.

"Where do you belong, anyway?" asked Tristram with blunt interest.

The other laughed. "Upon my word, that's hard to say. I believe I'm a kind of citizen-at-

large. And worse than that, just now I am a fugitive from justice."

"Indeed!" said Tristram calmly.

"Yes; I'm accused of drowning somebody — or trying to drown somebody. And in my case the crime was aggravated by my jumping in after the person and pulling him out of the water after I had thrown him in."

"That certainly is going a step farther than seems to be usual in such cases."

"Yes; and I am threatened with arrest, unless I take myself out of the way. I was going to Providence because that seemed the most natural place to start for from Bristol; but I've no other reason for going there. I haven't quite made up my mind what I'll do eventually — whether I'll turn pirate and wreak direst vengeance upon an unjust and cruel world, or go out West and see Fred Merivale."

"Fred Merivale?" repeated Tristram, taking off his eyeglasses to look up, but with no appearance of special interest. "Do you know a fellow out West of that name?"

"Yes; an intimate friend of mine."

"Does he live in Michigan — near Kalamazoo or some place?"

"Yes, he does. Look here, now! You don't mean to say you know him?"

"Well, yes. He's my own cousin."

"You don't say so!" The stranger stared a moment in amazement. Then he jumped up with great animation and held out his hand. "Well, then, I'm mighty glad to see you!" cried he. "Merivale and I have been chums for two years. My name is Hamlyn — Flagler Hamlyn."

"And my name is Tuckerman — Tristram Tuckerman. It has been translated into words of one syllable for the benefit of my fellow Freshmen, who call me 'Tuck.'" Tristram got up also and calmly but cordially returned the handshake.

"Upon my word, I *am* mighty glad to see you!" Flagler repeated heartily. "Any friend of Fred Merivale's is a friend of mine, unless he declines my friendship."

"I don't decline it," answered Tristram. "I accept it with thanks. And I shall test it at once

by insisting that you stand by me until I know how to sail this boat. As my true friend you can't go off and leave me to drown myself, you know."

"No," said Flagler. "I don't believe I can."

"And by the way," continued Tristram, "if you and my cousin are chums, then you must be at the Naval School." He regarded his new friend with interest. A naval cadet is not without distinct importance even in the eyes of a college sophomore.

"Yes," said Flagler, "I am. Merivale and I are both on our Leave, now. I came down to Newport to visit my uncle's family"—

Flagler hesitated a moment; but then, rather glad to have found somebody to whom he could talk of the matter, he went on to tell of the Prettymans, and presently found himself relating in full the experience of the past week. Tristram, who knew the Prettymans by reputation, listened with interest and his sympathy was aroused.

"I'll tell you what it is!" he declared. "You shall spend your vacation with *me*. My people are away and we can have the house to ourselves."

Flagler answered that they would see about that

later. "Meanwhile," he asked, "where shall we go now? We don't want to go to Providence to-night, do we?"

"No," said Tristram; and he deliberated a moment, looking around him over the water. "Ah!" he exclaimed at length. "*Habeo!* I have it! We'll do what people generally do under such circumstances. We'll go a-fishing."

CHAPTER XIV.

A HARBOR FOR THE NIGHT.

OFF the north end of Providence Island, some distance out from shore, there lies what used to be known, in the days when the writer was a denizen of those waters, as the "old can buoy." This buoy serves not only as a guide to the various steamers and coasters that pass that way, but it also has its story — if they but know how to read it — for those who come out in sail-boats from the neighboring towns, on the catching of scup or tautog intent. The skilful boatman, possessed beforehand of the secret of the place, carefully rounds his boat to and drops his sail a certain number of fathoms, as near as he can judge, to the north or south or east or west of the buoy (no intention have I of giving the exact direction) and then, with a few strokes of the oar getting his

boat into such position as to establish the proper "ranges" (Rumstick Rocks are perhaps to be brought between the two steeples of Warren, or a chimney on Hog Island is just to be seen over the end of Poppasquash, or the boat is to lie on a line drawn straight through the buoy from Rocky Point Tower — far be it from me to say *just which* of these is the true bearing, or indeed that any one of them is strictly the true one) he lets go his anchor, calmly assured that he has now but to drop his line over the side and every one of its several hooks will be instantly swallowed by a plump inhabitant of the populous ledge below. The exact knowledge necessary to the finding of this fortunate spot (and without such knowledge it might indeed be sought for all day long without success) Tristram Tuckerman had purchased along with the *Casabianca* herself — and toward it the boat's head was now turned. One of Tristram's out-of-the-way accomplishments — of which he was openly proud — was that of cooking. "Yes, we'll go a-fishing," he had continued to his new-found friend. "I know a place over here where we can catch any

quantity of the sweetest, nicest scup that ever swam in salt water. And then we'll go ashore somewhere, and I'll cook you a supper that will make your head ring."

They caught fish enough and to spare without difficulty. Almost before they knew it they had some three dozen scup and a third as many good-sized tautog. Tristram, counting these over, declared that it was time to stop.

"It's too bad to catch more than we need," he observed, regarding with real feeling the fish he had just taken from his hook — a small scup, as beautiful and perfect a thing as Nature ever fashioned, with its silver scales and its back all rainbow-hued. "There, *mon enfant*, run back to your mother as fast as you can; and may you live the longer for having been caught to-day." He chucked the fish back into the water, into whose blue depths, with joyful alacrity, it instantly darted.

"We can't use a quarter of these ourselves," continued Tristram as they wound up their lines. "What shall we do with them? I wish I could

send some of 'em to a hotel I was at the other day down on Block Island. It's an actual fact, when I called for fish at the dinner table, the only thing they could give me was some *canned salmon* brought from Washington River. Just think of it! A seaside hotel in July!" He paused a moment and then concluded, with accumulated scorn: "That's the way to keep a hotel nowadays. Find out what people don't want and then give them plenty of it."

"I'll tell you what," Flagler now suggested. "It's nearly six o'clock already. Suppose we run in somewhere — on the island, here — and get our supper and spend the night?"

"All right," Tristram agreed. "And we can take some of the fish up to one of the farmhouses and give them away. I'd like for *some*body to have them."

"Very well; we'll clean them while we're going ashore."

"Clean them!" Tristram gave vent to a dismayed whistle. "Verily, I never thought of that. I can cook a fish to perfection, but I couldn't clean

one any more than I could — any more than I could dance the Boston. I never cleaned one in my life."

"I have," declared Flagler, "whole schools of 'em. You sail the boat and I'll do it."

Tristram therefore took the helm under Flagler's direction; and while the latter occupied himself with cleaning the fish over the gunnel, they ran in shore, coasting along to westward and at length turning into the passage between Patience and Prudence and still keeping to the shore of the latter, making their way by and by into a secluded cove which seemed to offer all wished-for qualifications as a harbor for the night.

The boat was made fast to a convenient bank; and then, while Tristram set about preparing the supper, Flagler took a pail and went off inland to see if he could get some milk. He took with him a good string of fish whose acceptance he politely begged of the benevolent looking mistress of a farmhouse upon which he presently came and who was so pleased, apparently, both with the gift and the giver, that she bestowed upon him a large

"FRIER TUCK, AT YOUR SERVICE," SAID HE.

apple pie as she brought him his milk. The milk itself, as a matter of course, she took pay for.

When he got back to the shore he found that Tristram had the fish frying merrily over an oil stove which he had set up in a sheltered corner beneath some trees, and the table nearly laid upon a flat rock close by. He also had a pot of potatoes boiling, and a coffee pot steaming beside it. Tristram himself looked comical enough, bareheaded and his shirt-sleeves, with a long calico apron tied about his waist, standing over the stove and trying to peer through his eyeglasses (which *would* get clouded with the steam) into the pan of fish. He looked up as Flagler approached and made him a bow with a grand flourish of his knife and fork. "Frier Tuck, at your service," said he. Then he threw back his head and delivered into the upper air a certain well-known passage from Owen Meredith.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

"Bravo!" cried Flagler. Then he announced the results of his excursion. "I've got some milk," said he, "and I've had a valuable present." He held up the pie, wrapped in a paper.

"*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes*," declared Tristram, shaking his head distrustfully. "What is it — a pie? Pegged or sewed?"

"Avast there with your insinuations," cried Flagler. "The crust is short as — pie crust." He opened the paper. The pie certainly looked fresh and flaky.

Tristram's face assumed an expression of horror. "Ah!" he gasped. "An apple pie! *Dried* apple pie, it must be, at this untimely season. 'Tread on my toes and tell me lies, but *don't* give me dried apple pies!'"

"You don't deserve to have any of it," said Flagler.

"Nevertheless, have some I shall — if I get my desert."

Flagler declined to notice this attempt at a pun. "Isn't it about time to man the dinner table?" he asked. "I'm hungry as a shark."

"Have patience, my dear boy," exhorted Tristram, returning to his task. "We must hasten slowly. *Festina lente* — or, as Sir Thomas Browne has it, 'celerity must be contempered with cunctation.' We musn't fry our fish too fast. I'm very particular about the shade I give my fish. I intend these to be fried a delicate *écru*. Meantime, while you are waiting suppose you wait on me a bit." And he dispatched Flagler to the boat for various farther articles needed for the table.

Flagler found the boat's cabin a gem in its way — rather "tucked up" to be sure, but still of such dimensions that two such good friends as he and Tristram already were could very well have eaten and slept there together without quarrelling. It was fitted up very cosily and comfortably, though hardly in what a sailor would call a "ship-shape" manner. The floor was neatly carpeted; the bunks were hung with red curtains and the lockers cushioned; there was a table in place of a stove, and a hanging lamp above it. A book-case on the wall contained a number of books, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, a treatise on *Practical*

Boat-Sailing, a volume of Madame Parloa, and a copy of Froude's *Cæsar*. Beside the books hung a "Bird's Eye View of Narragansett Bay," cut from some illustrated paper and tacked to a piece of board, making an admirable chart for all cat-boat purposes.

When Flagler got back he found Tristram holding the pot of potatoes at arm's length and frantically waving it in the air — a process, he paused to explain, that was certain (the water having been turned off and a pinch of salt added) to make them miraculously mealy. Then they sat down to supper. Tristram promptly charged his companion not to dare find fault with the fish. "They are dead, you know," he solemnly pointed out. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But Flagler had no wish to say anything but good of them. Indeed for some moments after he began to eat he was quite incapable of saying anything at all. The fish were delicious, as scup always are, fresh-caught, nicely cleaned and rolled in meal, and properly fried. The potatoes also were all that their boiler had fondly predicted; the coffee was faultless; there

was fresh bread and a jar of assorted pickles; and the pie at the last was exceedingly good, in spite of all the bad jokes that Tristram made about it. And when to all this was added such seasoning as the appetite of growing boys, after hours of fasting in the open air, is sure to give, it may well be believed that the repast full little short of absolute perfection.

Later the two sat and talked for a while, as the night softly fell and the moon shone bright in the middle heavens. Then they moored the *Casabianca* off the bank, beyond the vicissitudes of the tide; and presently, without leaving any anchor-watch or even an anchor-light on deck, they went below and turned in, quickly enough, we may be sure, falling into sound slumber. Flagler's last coherent thought was that he liked the new service upon which he had entered a great deal better than that from which he had been that day discharged; and as for his cousin Constance, and Jessie Buckner, and Mrs. Derringer and the rest of them, he was too sleepy to think of them at all.

Nor did he think much about them for several

days following. These two young lords of creation (and who more truly could be called that than two healthy, spirited boys with a good boat at their command, free to go where they liked and do just as they pleased) had indeed a royal time — cruising about the Bay; putting in at noon at Oakland Beach and getting one of the shore dinners for which "King Hiram" was so famous; running up to Providence for Flagler's trunk (which had been checked at the railroad station) and spending the night at Tristram's home where everything was of such style and magnificence as one would never have thought of associating with Tristram himself, meeting him as Flagler had done, but to the manner of which, seen now in its midst, the young gentleman seemed entirely born; starting off the next morning with a pair of fine horses and spending the day at Nayatt, where Tristram had friends — some very bright, pretty young ladies among them with whom they played tennis and among whom Flagler in his fatigue uniform (which for respectability's sake he felt obliged to resume) found himself a decided hero; setting off in the

Casabianca again the next day and dining at one of the hotels at Narragansett Pier; driven into Dutch Island the third night by a terrific storm which but for Flagler's skill and the sailorly qualities of the boat herself would have ended the joyous career of the *Casabianca* at that date — no wonder that Flagler thought little of his relations the Prettymans and that the week he had spent as a foremast hand on board the *Au Revoir* seemed already long ago and like a dream. He was not however to be permitted to forget them; and fate indeed had in store for him some exciting and unusual adventures in which they were to be closely concerned.

CHAPTER XV.

IN A FOG.

FOG! Fog everywhere, as far as you could see — which was a very little way indeed, for that matter. Fog so thick you could wash your face and hands in it; so dense and impenetrable that (as Tristram declared) the *Casabianca* could not see her cut-water before her face. A strange, uncalled-for, unreasonable fog that had suddenly dropped down from nobody knew where about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that, though it enveloped everything, and completely obstructed the view, was still rather a pleasant, agreeable sort of fog, stubbornly refusing, now that it

had come, to be dissipated by the sunlight above, and yet so penetrated and permeated by its beams as to seem a kind of vaporous, denser sunlight itself.

The *Casabianca* lay becalmed in the upper Bay, the wind which had brought her there having abruptly died out as the fog came up. The boys had a half-resolved-upon plan of going up Kickemnit River somewhere and digging some clams and making a chowder. Tristram was very anxious to make a chowder. He should, he declared, feel himself but illy to have discharged the sacred duties of friendship did he for a single day longer permit one of his chowders to remain to Flagler an untasted joy. Tristram had been sitting on the cabin slide industriously blowing a huge fog-horn, varying the performance now and then by singing scraps of college songs at the top of a voice which was not greatly inferior to the horn itself as a musical instrument and was quite as well calculated on the whole to alarm approaching vessels.

"O, I say!" Flagler at length piteously protested. "I wish you wouldn't make *quite* so much

noise. And we shall never get a breeze if you go on like that. You'll use up all the wind."

"My dear friend," Tristram placidly rejoined, "do you not know that the whole beauty of blowing one's horn consists in blowing it good and loud, so that people can hear it? Besides, I'm doing this for the public good. I'm not a private tooter, you know. However, if you really object to it" — and he laid the horn aside with an injured air.

He still showed much lack of consideration for his companion's feelings, however, by indulging from time to time in one of his execrable puns. It certainly is true that a pun may sometimes be very good — or at least very funny — just because it is very bad. This was assuredly a merit which belonged to many of Tristram's puns. One other merit Flagler frankly conceded them: they were as often in Latin or Greek or some other language as in English, so that their dreadfulness was not always glaringly apparent. Such as they were, too, they came to him without effort.

"*O tempora! O more ease!*" he exclaimed now as he stretched himself on his back upon the cabin

deck, occupying several moments in getting himself into a position to suit him; and then, taking a small volume of *Le Moyen Age* from his pocket, he began turning over the leaves, lazily delivering himself now and then of a remark upon the beauties of the language in which it was written. "These French are a curious people, anyway," he observed. "With them the water is always *low;* they call their sisters *sir;* they cry *mercy*, when they mean 'thank you;' and as for Old Father Time, they've actually nicknamed him *Tom.*" Presently he became interested in the text; and for some little time neither he nor Flagler spoke, the latter being occupied with his own thoughts.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the tones of a human voice, coming not from on board the boat, but from a point so close at hand that the words spoken — something about the "thickness of the fog" — were perfectly audible. The effect of a voice thus speaking up from out the surrounding mists, when, up to that moment, the presence of no neighboring person had been dreamed of and could not now be otherwise discerned, was in-

describably odd if not startling. Flagler Hamlyn, certainly, was profoundly astonished when he heard it; for he recognized it instantly (as no one could fail to do who had ever heard it before) as the voice of Mrs. Alexandra Derringer.

"Well," ejaculated Tristram in a low tone, after peering vainly about into the fog in search of this unsuspected neighbor, "there don't seem to be much of anybody belonging to that voice, so far as I can see. It's a case of *vox et præterea nihil*. I guess I'll give 'em a blast." And he reached for his horn.

But Flagler quickly motioned him to be silent, and the next moment the deep base tones were again heard:

"My husband, the late Captain Derringer, encountered just such a fog as this, I remember, off the western coast of Mexico, just as he got outside the Three Marias"—

Here another voice suddenly interrupted — as another voice of late was very sure to do when the late Captain Derringer was invoked. Flagler's heart beat quicker as he recognized this voice

also; it was Miss Jessie Buckner's. Evidently the *Au Revoir* and her company were close at hand.

"Just after he got outside of the Three Marias! O Mrs. Derringer! What a horrible situation! It sounds just like cannibalism."

"O, no, my dear," Mrs. Derringer tranquilly responded. "I was only speaking nautically. Captain Holloway will understand me. The Three Marias are three islands"—

But here Mrs. Derringer was again interrupted, this time by a voice of youthful authority, easily recognizable as that of Percy Prettyman, coming up the cabin stairs.

"I say, Mr. Holloway, why don't you keep that horn going? The law requires it, you know."

"Humph!" This was in the growling tones with which the sailing master was won't to reply to Percy's pompous instructions. "The law requires it when a vessel is underway. We hain't stirred the length of a marlinspike the last half-hour, save what we've drifted. Howsumdever," he admitted, though this was not to Percy, "I s'pose we ought to signal oncet in a while, jest for

appearance's sake. I told that man Doolittle to keep it going every two or three minutes. Doolittle! He's c'rectly named. He's done little or northin' sence he come on board *this* yacht. He's three times as big as Thomas Flagg, but he don't begin to fill his place. I don't know what Mr. Percy hired him for, onless 'twas because he was riccommended by that precious steward of his. Hello, forward there! Why don't you blow that horn as I told you?"

There was silence for a moment and then by way of answer a horn was blown vigorously several times. The new sound came from a point ahead and a little to starboard of the *Casabianca*, so that the cat-boat would seem to be headed very nearly across the bow of the *Au Revoir*.

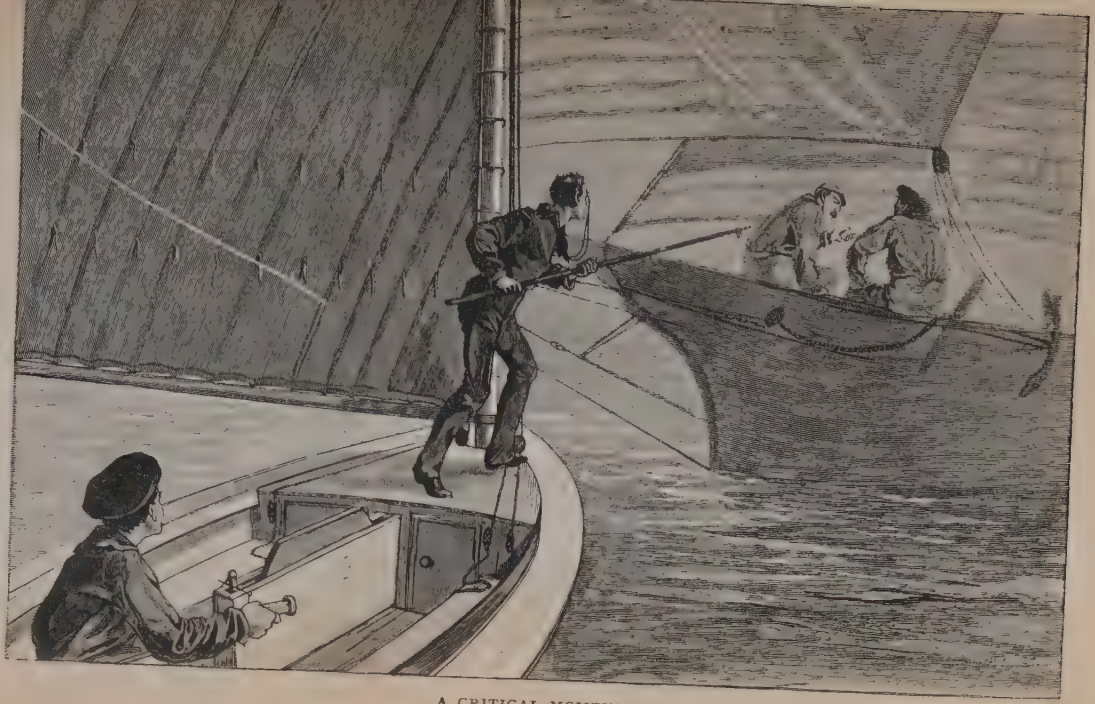
"Hadn't we better answer 'em?" Tristram asked in a low voice, eagerly fingering his horn.

Flagler shook his head. "There's no danger," said he. "We're scarcely moving. I'd like to get away without their seeing us, if I can. That's my cousin's yacht. Hist! I want to hear what they say."

The people on board the *Au Revoir* were talking again, and our hero did not find it inconsistent with his notions of propriety to listen to a conversation thus publicly taking place, anxious as he was, now that their sudden vicinity had renewed his interest in them, to learn something of the Prettymans' plans and doings. He was able to gather from what he thus heard that the party had driven over to Bristol that morning to take the yacht around to Touisset; and they had taken a run out into the Bay, not anticipating the fog and calm. They were somewhat impatient now of the detention since, it seemed, there was to be some sort of evening company at Grayview — some people from one of the boarding houses up the road had sent word that they should stop just at night on their way home from a "straw ride" — and Jessie was anxious to get back in time to make some angel cake. It appeared, farther, that they were all enjoying their stay at Grayview very much and were likely to remain there some days longer.

The two boys, listening with interest to all this, took no note of the fact that the distance between

them and the voices was gradually lessening; and that fact now was made all at once apparent by the bow of the yacht suddenly looming up through the fog before them, scarcely a dozen feet away. And seated on the rail, back toward them, two human forms presently became so far discernible that Flagler without difficulty recognized one of them as that of Diego, the steward. The other was a stranger to him, a huge burly person probably the new hand to whom Captain Holloway had alluded. The two were talking earnestly together in low tones, quite unconscious of any immediate presence save their own. Flagler tried to give the boat a sheer with the helm; but she had no way on her and evidently would drift bodily down upon the yacht's bow where the men were sitting. To use an oar would be to attract attention, and he still hoped to escape observation. He motioned his companion to take the boat-hook and stand ready, at the proper moment and as noiselessly as might be, to fend the boat off and turn her away from the yacht. All of which might possibly have been done and the *Casabianca* have crept away into the



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

fog again unseen (so intent upon themselves and their conversation did the two men on the yacht seem to be) but for the awkwardness of Tristram himself. That well-meaning but not thoroughly-experienced young seaman, having stepped softly forward and braced himself against the mast, awaited steadily, boat-hook in hand, that instant which he conceived to be exactly the proper one; and then, thrusting forth the instrument and planting it against the side of the yacht (at a point, as it happened, directly beneath where Diego was sitting) he suddenly threw his whole weight upon it. But, alas! the point of the boat-hook, insecurely placed, slipped somehow above the rail and instantly brought up with great force against the person of the unfortunate steward.

That individual, a good deal astonished and not a little hurt as well, uttered a fierce "*Caramba!*" and, jumping up as if he had been shot, turned himself about to see what manner of thing it was that had thus terribly assailed him. Flagler, the instant he saw what had happened, had run forward and snatched the boat-hook from his com-

panion's hand (the hold of the latter upon the mast had alone saved him from falling overboard) and turning toward the yacht was met, as the enraged Cuban saw and recognized him, by a volley of Spanish expletives and phrases so rapidly delivered that none but a native Spaniard could possibly have gathered their literal meaning, although their general intention was quite plain. Then, perceiving what Flagler was about, he turned to look for some weapon or missile with which to attack him; but our hero, more than ever desirous now of getting away without being seen by the people aft, set the boat-hook against the yacht's side with quick determination and gave the *Casabianca* a shove that immediately placed several fathoms between her and the *Au Revoir*, a distance which a puff of air at that moment exerting itself upon her sail, presently so increased as to completely hide her once more from the eyes of all on board the other vessel.

Flagler at once took the helm again; and the puff, being followed by several other puffs, became soon a gentle, steady-blowing breeze, before which

the fog began to lift and the *Casabianca* to glide swiftly on her way.

"Well, you made rather a mess of it with the boat-hook," Flagler observed to Tristram.

"Yes," said Tristram, slowly shaking his head, "I'm afraid I did. I certainly can't claim for myself the title of 'The Judicious Hooker.'"

"You gave my friend the steward rather a severe poke."

"Was that the steward?" Tristram exclaimed. "O, my prophetic soul! I knew it! I felt it! I instinctively recognized a rival in the culinary art and I was unable to stay my hand."

When the fog cleared away the yacht was seen some distance off, spreading all her white wings and standing rapidly for Touisset.

The *Casabianca* followed at a more leisurely pace, making her way by and by up into Kickemnit Narrows, where the boys dug their clams and, about two o'clock, had their chowder — a chowder, Tristram proudly declared as he dished it up and set it steaming and aromatic before his friend, the simple smell of which was a liberal ed-

ucation. After dinner, full-fed and comfortable, without a care in the world, they stretched themselves on the beach where the warm sun and soft breeze, mingled in equal quantities, made an atmosphere that was perfect, and for a long hour talked lazily together, enjoying their "*otium cum dig*"— the Latin of course being furnished by our ex-freshman and promptly rendered by him (since he was always as liberal with his translations as his originals) as "taking their ease after digging clams."

By and by, as the tide came in, they went down and took a plunge from the rocks into the deep water; and at length, full of new life and vigor, they went on board the boat and again set sail.

"Where away, now?" Tristram asked as he seated himself at ease, as usual quite content to give up to his comrade the sailing of the boat. "Anywhere in particular?"

Flagler hesitated a moment. "To tell the truth," he then said, looking up a little sheepishly, "since running across them this morning, I have a sort of a 'hankering' after my friends of the *Au*

Revoir. What do you say to going around to Touisset for the night?"

"Ah!" said Tristram. "You 'hanker' after them, do you? Well, h'anchoring is a sailor's business." It was he who should have looked sheepish now, but he did not. "Well, I don't know that I've any objection. I should like to see how my wounded rival is getting on. A boat-hook is a terrible weapon in the hands of a man like me."

"Yes," laughed Flagler, "but one of your jokes is a still more terrible. It hasn't as much point, but it hurts more."

Running out beyond Spar Island and standing about for a while (for Flagler did not care to make his appearance in the vicinity of Grayview much before dark), they fell in by and by, having at length turned their faces toward their destination, with a large sail-boat, one of those huge, unwieldy craft such as is to be seen any day lying at the Newport wharves, ready to take visitors over to the Fort. She was on the same course as themselves but a slow sailer; and they rapidly overhauled her and presently found themselves along

side. There were three men on board, two of them rough and ordinary enough, but the third, the helmsman, of so striking an appearance that Flagler felt a sort of fascination as he observed him — a swarthy, foreign-looking man with a handsome but not entirely pleasing face, whose common boatman's dress could not rob him of an air of distinction and superiority. Tristram, who was more mindful at the moment of the inferior sailing qualities of the other boat than the appearance of her passengers, looked across at the dark stranger and gravely inquired how many hours it took him ordinarily to pass a given point, a question which elicited from the other only a curt and quite dignified suggestion that the young gentleman should mind his own business. Flagler, the instant the stranger spoke, started and looked at him again more closely than ever. There was something distinctly familiar in the tones of his voice; and yet the lad felt certain that he had never seen him before. Nothing more was said and presently the other boat fell astern; but our hero puzzled himself over the matter for some minutes. "I am posi-

tively certain I never set eyes on that man before to-day," he declared to himself, "and yet I am almost equally certain that I have heard him speak before this. It must be that his voice reminds me of somebody." But for the life of him he could not think who this somebody was.

An hour and a half after that, just at sunset, as the *Casabianca* lay at anchor off the Touisset shore not far from where the *Au Revoir* herself was lying, Flagler was still farther puzzled to see this strange boat come slowly in and take up her position for the night still a little farther up the inlet.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RECONNOITERING EXPEDITION.

THE crew of the *Casabianca* prepared to go on shore. Tristram regretted to his companion not having brought his dress-suit along, since they were going to an evening party.

"Evening party!" Flagler exclaimed. "Why, bless you, man, I don't expect to *show* myself up there — at least not to-night."

Tristram elevated his eyebrows. "I thought you were going to take me up and introduce me to your cousins."

"I've never been introduced myself, yet," said Flagler. "No; we'll go up just as we are." Flagler himself was dressed in what might be called his original Thomas Flagg suit. "I haven't made up my mind yet to let them know that I *am* their cousin. I just want to go up and see how the land lies."

"Ah!" returned Tristram. "Then we are going incognito, are we? A sort of secret expedition — a reconnoitering party. Very well; all the more fun. Then I needn't even black my boots." He put back the blacking brush which he had just taken from the locker. "By the way, lend me your knife, will you?" He took the knife which Flagler handed him and busied himself a moment about his boot-lacing. "I wish," he presently continued, absently shutting up the knife and putting it in his own pocket instead of returning it to Flagler, "I wish I had some sort of a musical instrument with me. We could go up and pass ourselves off as a pair of strolling musicians! If we only had a hand-organ now. I feel sure I could play a hand-organ."

"There's your fog-horn," suggested Flagler. "You might take that."

"Yes; or there's my voice. I'm a capital singer, you know."

And he suddenly broke forth by way of sample into a line or two of a certain well-known college glee:

O, the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool.
O, the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool.

"How does that strike you?" he asked.

"That," said Flagler dryly, "strikes me as a most admirable illustration of that figure of rhetoric wherein the sound is especially suited to the sense."

"I thought you would like it. What do you say to tying a handkerchief over my eyes and leading me up there and telling them I'm a poor blind man who gets his living by singing songs? That isn't my own idea, you know," he added, as Flagler laughed. "I saw a fellow do the same thing on a steamboat once, going down the river. He got all the passengers to laughing; and then when the captain came down, mad as a hatter, to stop the noise, he got him to laughing too and he had to put half a dollar in the hat."

They went up across the lots (Flagler simply knew the general direction to be taken) and came out after a while into a barnyard, through which

they made their way out past a small farmhouse to the road. The moon, just rising, as yet afforded but little light. Walking on up this road a short distance a house came presently into view upon the right, standing back from and above the highway, from which, through the trees, the light of numerous lamps and a sound of mirth and music came forth. This must be the place, Flagler declared; and no one being near they went up the stone steps which led from the road to the terrace above and looked across the lawn to the house. The low windows along the piazza were open, and the forms of young people could be seen moving about within. Just then the piano struck up anew — the notes of a waltz. "Yes," Flagler exclaimed, "this *is* the place." The waltz was that very one which he had heard Jessie Buckner playing, a week before, in the cabin of the *Au Revoir*.

The mysterious force (surely such a force there was) which had brought these two boys quite across Narragansett Bay and around to Touisset, and then drawn them away from their boat, across

the fields, along the road, and up these stone steps to the place where they now stood, was not likely to cease to act upon them at this point and take them no farther. It was not in youthful human nature to come to the edge of such a scene as this and look in upon it — the lights, the music, the dancing, the merry talk and laughter of a dozen young people gathered together and enjoying themselves to the full this fine summer night — and then turn away and go back to the cramped, lonely cabin of a sixteen-foot cat-boat down at the water, and lay down in their berths and sleep. Even Tristram felt the spell now irresistibly upon him.

"They're just having more fun in there than they know what to do with," he enviously remarked. "It's too bad we can't go up and help 'em out with it. I say, Hamlyn, let's make a call, and you tell them who you are. They can't help asking us in."

But Flagler shook his head. He was not quite ready for that. He had no thought of retiring however; and he presently led the way along the bank to the right, possessed of an intense desire

(though just with what intention he did not know) to get nearer the house, and thinking to accomplish this most safely by a sort of flank movement, under cover of the darkness at one end. They found themselves, after a moment, upon a driveway which led up from the road past the kitchen door and off to the barn. The kitchen was in an ell of the house. It was lighted, though the curtains were down and the door shut. It had a short piazza or porch of its own. A short distance from the steps of this porch stood a large, roofed well-curb, to which our two prowlers had at length advanced, halting within its shadow, when suddenly the door of the kitchen opened and a servant came out with a pail in her hand. Discovery was unavoidable; so Tristram turned instantly to the well and appeared to be letting down the bucket. The girl halted as soon as she saw them, but not in alarm.

"It's you that's a darlin', then, Mister Joram," she cried out in a voice and idiom that at once declared her nationality. "Just fill up the pail and fetch it in as quick as ever ye can, that's a

jewel. I'm helpin' Miss Jessie wid the refrishmints, an' sorra a minute have I to spare." She set the pail down where she stood and went back into the house, evidently having mistaken them for somebody belonging to the place.

Flagler was for beating a retreat, but his companion would not hear of it. "No, indeed!" said he. "There was a heartiness and lack of ceremony about that invitation that makes it impossible for me to refuse it. I'm going in." He went and got the pail and proceeded to fill it. Then he took it and turned toward the house, Flagler following him as far as the step, much concerned as to what might come of it but not willing to desert his friend.

Tristram walked straight in at the open door. Rather to his disappointment the girl was alone in the kitchen. She uttered a scream as she saw him.

"The saints preserve us!" she cried. "It's not Joram at all, at all." But the necessity of directing him what to do with the water interfered somewhat with her terror. She motioned for him to put it on a shelf by the sink, and by the time he

had done so she was ready to confront him. "And who are yez, annyway?" she then demanded, "prowlin' around dacent people's primises at this time o' night?" She stood with her bare arms akimbo, a young, good-looking Irish girl, apparently very well able to take care of herself.

Tristram, not quite prepared to give an account of himself at the moment, suddenly bethought himself of an accomplishment with which, many times before this, he had amused himself and mystified the servants in his own home. He calmly took off his eye-glasses and made the girl a bow:

"Δαρείου καὶ Παρυσατιδος γίγνονται παῖδες δύο, πρεσβύτερος μὲν Ἀρταξέρξης, νεώτερος δὲ Κῦρος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἠσθένει Δαρεῖος καὶ ὑπώπτευε τελευτὴν του βίου,"—

And he went on with great volubility and an expression of the most profound gravity, rattling off a half-dozen of the opening lines of the *Anabasis*. Every school-boy who has fitted for college knows how familiar becomes the text of the first two or three pages of Xenophon or Cæsar or Homer or Virgil, poured over and dwelt upon as

it always is for many days, while yet the author is a new one and only a section or a few lines are given at a lesson, and these constantly reviewed.

"Phwhat outlandish rigmarole is that ye are spakin'?" cried his listener, as he at length paused and looked at her with an air of solemn interrogation. "Is it a haythen ye are?"

Tristram vigorously shook his head; and then, clasping his hands imploringly before him, he again broke forth:

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinia venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
Vi Superum, sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram.
Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,
Quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus"—

He paused and seemed again to await her response. The girl regarded him with such wondering doubt and perplexity as she might well have felt had she really understood the words and heard herself thus apostrophized as the Muse, and called upon to explain the sorrows of the man "who first by fate an exile, etc."

"Faix!" she protested, "ye might just as well be dumb intirely, and iverybody else stone-deaf, if that's all the spache ye can muster."

Tristram's peculiar features hereupon suddenly twisted themselves into a perfectly terrible grimace while, fixing his eye sternly upon his listener and impressively raising his eye-glasses aloft, he now launched at her a sentence or two of that scathing "First Oration Against Cataline."

"Quousque tandem abutere, Catalina, patientia nostra? Quam diu etiam furor iste tuus eludet? Quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? Nihilne te nocturnum præsidium Palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil" ——

He was still standing, in the attitude of an indignant Tullius, rolling forth in accents unconsciously grown louder and fiercer, the stern denunciations of the old Conscript Father, when all at once he caught the sound of a voice behind:

"Now, Maggie, if you'll bring out that angel cake, I'll cut it myself. I'm determined — Bless me! What is the matter? Whom have we here, pray?"

Tristram had cut short his spouting instantly,

and turned now to meet the glance of a young lady who had halted in great astonishment on the threshold of the door leading from the dining-room. This young lady, he was at once assured by the words next spoken by the servant, was Miss Jessie Buckner.

"Sure, Miss Jessie," the girl at once answered, "here's a poor ignyrent man that can't spake sorra a word of any mother tongue save his own. Will ye plaze see av ye can find out phwat it is he's afther wantin'?"

Jessie advanced into the room, regarding the stranger with an air of suspicious demand. The latter, as the reader knows, was a youth of rather homely physique, and his dress (the same in which he was wont to concoct his chowders or lie about on board his boat) was calculated, on the whole, to set off and emphasize the disadvantages of his person.

"Who are you and what do you wish?" the young lady asked him.

"Well, miss," Tristram answered, in his odd, deliberate way, not showing any signs of embarrass-

ment if he felt any, "I am, so to speak, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, one 'by fate an exile' (as the poet gracefully expresses it) whose 'trembling steps' (as another poet puts it) 'have brought him to your door.' I had halted a moment at your well-curb, and was refreshing myself with a draught of water, when this impetuous young person" — he motioned with his eye-glasses in Maggie's direction — "rushed out upon me, water-pail in hand" —

"Thrue for ye!" here the girl herself broke in. "But didn't I think all the while it was Joram himself, or I'd niver done it?" Then she added, with an expression of wonderment, "An' faix, Miss Jessie, I don't see but he spakes just as good English as I do, this blissed minute."

"Ah," observed Tristram calmly, "it is English that you speak, is it? It would have saved some trouble had you stated that fact at the outset. I tried her, miss," he explained to Jessie, "in several different languages; but she seemed not to understand me."

Jessie, listening to all this somewhat impatiently

and setting Tristram down merely as an eccentric and rather impertinent tramp, had moved a step or two nearer to him while he had been speaking and was now about to say to him curtly that if he wanted anything to eat he could have it; but that no further words were necessary and he had better sit down outside the door. All at once however she caught sight of a small object, attached to his vest and half hidden by the lapel of his coat, that instantly changed her opinion and intention.

There is one thing that a college student — at least in the earlier half of his academic career — always wears, if he be so fortunate as to possess it — and that is his Society pin. He may leave off, if it so happen, almost any other article that is ornamental merely or that has to do with the presentability of his dress — his necktie, his collar and cuffs, his shoes and stockings even if he so choose; but that glittering combination of Greek letters which to the initiated everywhere is the badge of brotherhood and to the profane (at least, as he fondly supposes) a symbol of all that is fascinatingly and awfully mysterious and un-

known — *that*, wherever he may go and however he may be attired, he never omits to wear. It was such an ornament that Miss Jessie now discovered upon the person of our friend, Tristram Tuckerman; and the instant she saw it she recognized it as the pin of a particular society with several of whose members she was acquainted and whose chapter at Brown she knew to be composed of young men belonging to the best and wealthiest families. The girl's wits were as sharp as her eyes; and she rapidly came to a conclusion as to the stranger which was not distant from the truth.

"O, you're a tramp, are you?" she now said, with a flash of mischief in her black eyes. "Then I suppose you want something to eat. Tramps always want something to eat. And of course you want the best. Tramps always want the best. Would some angel cake be nice enough — and some ice cream? I made the cake myself."

"Well, yes, thank you," answered Tristram with undisturbed *sang froid*. "Angel cake and ice cream will do very well."

At this point a new voice spoke up as Master

Teddy Prettyman appeared in the doorway. "I say, Jessie, are you going to take out the ice cream now? 'Cause I want to help, you know." Then he stood a moment, staring at Tristram.

"No," Jessie answered. "I'm going to cut my angel cake first. Bring it out, Maggie."

"What do you call it angel cake for?" Teddy inquired, as the cake was put on the table.

"Because," the tramp here took it upon himself to answer, willing to make himself useful in this way as any other, "because it is made by — young ladies."

"What do *you* know about it?" asked Teddy superciliously.

"I know *all* about it. You make it with the whites of eleven eggs, one cup and a half of granulated sugar, one cup of pastry flour four times sifted, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one of vanilla. And the yolks of the eggs you make into gold cake or custard, or scramble 'em for breakfast the next morning."

Jessie at this left off cutting her cake and looked at him curiously.

"You seem to be a very unusual tramp," said she. "You are not only an accomplished linguist but you appear to understand the art of cookery."

"O," explained Tristram, "I have served as cook for the officers of a vessel."

"Indeed!" Jessie arranged her cake upon the plate. "What vessel was that?"

"The *Casabianca*, sloop of war, one gun."

"Ah, she was a man-of-war, was she," said Jessie, "and the officers lived upon angel cake?" She absently counted over her slices of cake, all the while keenly considering her companion. "Aha, Mr. Student," she said to herself, "possibly you're not making such a goose of me as you think. I wonder how I shall get the best of you."

Presently she took up a parcel from the table and finding the knot troublesome sought to break the string.

"The idea," she exclaimed, "of a confectioner's putting a hemp string around a parcel! Please lend me your knife." She held out her hand imperiously to Tristram.

The latter took out his knife, politely opened it and handed it to her. Her eyes opened themselves very wide as they fell upon it and she could not repress an exclamation. That knife, unless she was greatly mistaken, she had seen before — on board the *Au Revoir* and in the hands of a certain recently discharged member of the crew. She glanced sharply at the stranger. He was certainly not Thomas Flagg in diguise. But what was he doing with Thomas Flagg's knife? Did he know Thomas Flagg? Was Thomas Flagg anywhere about at this moment? The plot seemed to thicken. She quickly concealed her wonder, however. "Now, Maggie," she said to the servant, "you may bring out the freezers. I'm sorry Mrs. Roach isn't here to help us; but we'll do the best that we can."

The ice cream was brought out and opened, Tristram's assistance being taken as a matter of course, and he proving very handy.

"Are you all alone?" Jessie suddenly asked him, as she arranged her saucers upon the waiter. "I thought tramps always travelled by twos."

"Thrue for you, Miss Jessie," cried the servant. "Sure, an' now I think of it, there was two of thim when I went out to the well. The other one must have stayed outside."

"Yes," Tristram admitted, "I have a friend with me. He didn't care to come in. He is very diffident."

"Ah," said Jessie, in a tone of satisfaction. "He's diffident, is he? But he *must* come in. He'll want some of the angel cake, you know. Where is he?" She turned all at once and walked to the door with a resolute air.

If she had hoped however thus to take unawares any person who might be outside, she was not successful. She looked all about from the open doorway, but nobody was to be seen and no sound even of a retreating footstep was heard. "He certainly is of a very retiring disposition," she observed, with some show of vexation, as she came back. "Well, if the refreshments are all ready, we will take them in. Teddy, you may carry the napkins. And you, sir"—this was to Tristram—"you may follow on with the waiter.

We always make our tramps earn their dinner before we give it to them."

Whereupon Tristram bowed and gravely took up the designated burden. "I'm bound to get into society somehow," he remarked to himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OBSERVATORY.

LAGLER HAMLYN, sitting on the step of the porch and listening with decided interest to all that had been going on within, heard the allusion to himself and divined Miss Jessie's intention even before she started to go to the door. It was clear that he must move; and he feared there was not time to escape unobserved by the way he had come. With a sailor's instinct he cast his eye aloft. "Ah," thought he, "I guess I'll take to the rigging." And then, with a

sailor's agility, he sprang easily to the piazza rail, laid hold of the spout overhead, and in another instant, just as Jessie appeared in the doorway, he had swung himself to the roof and stretched himself behind the balustrade, as secure from discovery as though he had worn the Invisible Ring.

Realizing presently however that those below, Tristram included, had left the kitchen, and detecting no sign of their return, he at length rose to his feet and, not caring to descend again as he had come, he stealthily made his way by the help of a lightning rod up the roof of the ell and from there, still higher, to the main roof of the house. The moon, now well-risen, shed its soft light abundantly upon the roof and the surrounding tree-tops, although the grounds below were for the most part enveloped in shadow. After a moment, with a vague notion of somehow getting back to the front of the house and there awaiting his friend's reappearance, Flagler crept cautiously along the ridge-pole to its opposite extremity and there, finding a branch of one of the huge elm-trees conveniently stretched forth to help him, he unhesitatingly

trusted himself to it and slowly climbed along it down toward the trunk of the tree.

This elm was a very old and large one, standing in the foreground of the place, some distance away from and beyond the house. In its lowermost branches, on the sides toward the road, there had been built a somewhat novel structure, known at Grayview as the Observatory. It consisted of a broad platform some ten or twelve feet above the ground, surrounded by a railing and furnished with tables, easy chairs and hammocks — a complete out-of-doors room which afforded in summer-time a particularly pleasant retreat, roofed over as it was by leafy boughs and giving the finest possible view as one looked out through the foliage carefully trimmed away for the purpose, of the adjacent shore and bay. It was reached by a spiral staircase winding about the trunk of the tree. Our hero, as he dropped lightly upon this platform from the branch above, stood motionless a moment, looking about him with interest and noting, so far as it was possible to do so by the aid of the slender amount of moonlight that made its way through the trees,

the characteristics of the place. Then, as he was about to move on and descend the stairs, there suddenly fell upon his ears a sound that transfixed him with astonishment.

This sound was that of a human voice. Somebody was near, under the trees below. Yet this fact, though until that instant unsuspected by our hero, was hardly sufficient of itself to have so violently startled him. Nor were the words uttered — which were in the Spanish language and spoken in a low tone, so that he scarcely caught anything of their meaning — of a nature to astonish or alarm him. But it was the identity of the speaker that produced upon the young man such decided effect. He recognized the voice, instantly and positively, as the voice of *two different persons* — or rather of two persons whom, up to this moment, he had never dreamed of connecting in any way or suspected of being one and the same. The speaker below was the dark-faced stranger who had made such an impression upon him that afternoon on the bay. Flagler realized this the instant he heard his voice again. But he now instantly remembered also

where he had heard that voice before. More than a week ago, as he was keeping his lonely watch on board the *Au Revoir* that Saturday night before the race, that voice had fallen upon his ear, coming suddenly out of the darkness as it had come now, and speaking in the same language and the same low, cautious tones. This dark-faced stranger and the person who had that night sought an interview with Diego and who (Flagler felt sure) had had something to do with the losing the *Au Revoir* the race, were the same. As though by a flash of light the fact was now revealed to our wondering hero's mind, suddenly, vividly, unmistakably. And, if anything were needed to make the fact more certain, the next moment the voice of Diego himself was heard replying.

Then, almost breathless and not venturing to move a finger, the lad stood and listened while the two below, quite unaware of his presence, talked for some minutes together. He was able however to make out almost nothing of what they said; they spoke only in Spanish and in tones always low and often sunk to a whisper. It became evi-

dent, however, that they were talking of the *Au Revoir;* and Mr. Percy was mentioned, and the "señoritas," and — several times and, it seemed to the listener, with special emphasis — the "Señora" or the "Señora Derringer." There were many familiar words and allusions beside, that Flagler caught. Something was said of a telegram; money was repeatedly talked of and once or twice a fabulously large sum was named; the man Doolittle was mentioned, and Point Judith and Cuba and the Florida Coast; but all this and whatever else he caught was so disconnected and fragmentary that Flagler could not possibly get any definite idea from it of what they were planning — a fact that he acknowledged to himself half aloud and with profound regret as at length, still earnestly talking together, they moved slowly away in the direction of the road.

"What is it that those precious rascals are plotting now, I should like to know," he muttered. "Some villainy, I'll be bound. And something about the yacht and her people, too. I couldn't half hear, but I made out that much. I vow, I

wish I'd had four ears instead of two. And it's not easy, either, keeping the run of two foreigners jabbering away in their own language."

While he was thus considering the matter, he had walked to the farther corner of the place and leaned over the rail, making quite sure the plotters were gone. And then, still thinking intently of them and their probable plans, he sat down, half unconscious of the act, in a hammock that hung there, presently lying back in it and swinging himself slightly by means of his foot. Then the conversation he had overheard, as he continued to ponder it, grew more confused and meaningless than ever, until at length it became a perfect blur and blank in his mind; he was asleep.

He was suddenly aroused, he knew not how much later, by the sound of voices right at hand. Somebody was on the platform. He realized the situation, fortunately, before he had been betrayed into any sound or motion, and he lay perfectly still and listened. Several persons — Jessie Buckner and his cousin Percy among them — had just come

up the stair and were now pulling the chairs about and talking together with a good deal of noise and merriment, evidently settling themselves for a longer or shorter stay. Here was a predicament; and to say that our young midshipman, as he came to fully comprehend his position, was not disturbed by it would be to do great violence to the facts of the case. He was thoroughly disconcerted and dismayed. For a minute or two his heart beat so loudly that he feared it would be overheard; and although presently his alarm somewhat subsided, it was only to give place to a feeling of complete disgust and anger with himself for having gotten himself into such a ridiculous trap. Luckily the hammock hung at the farther end of the platform where the shadow of the trees fell most deeply, and the new-comers seemed inclined to remain where they were.

Miss Jessie, it would seem, had brought her friends up here in order to show them the view which was considered one of the chief attractions at Grayview.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," she gayly cried,

as she ushered the company forward, "is the celebrated Grayview View. It is known the world over. The first thing that will be asked you when you go abroad is whether you have seen it; and if you say no, all the nobility will at once turn on their heels and have nothing more to do with you. We regret very much that we have only the light of the moon to night by which to show it to you; but seen even thus we claim that it is unsurpassed. You will observe the superior play of the moonbeams upon the water; the yacht at anchor off the shore; and Mt. Hope, a former country seat of King Philip, dimly discernible in the distance. Please, now, all open your mouths together and cry 'Oh!'"

There was a vigorous chorus of "Ohs" in response to this demand; and then each of the visitors exclaimed individually upon the loveliness of the scene.

"Very well, then," Jessie went on, "you must show your appreciation of its charms by sitting down and gazing at them. We never let anybody off with a look. Here, sir" — this was to our

friend Tristram who, loaded down with rugs and wraps, stood in the rear of the company in the attitude of a humble retainer — "bring those things here, if you please, and help me push up these chairs." Then, as she took an afghan from his arm, she added in a malicious undertone: "You don't look quite happy. I hope you're not tired of your new situation already?"

"O, no," was the imperturbable response; and certainly Tristram had enjoyed, on his part, the vigorous course of discipline to which he had been for the last half-hour subjected quite as much as the young lady herself. "But to one so eminently fitted as I am for the ornamental as well as useful it is a little monotonous, waiting on other people all the time. I should like to be waited on myself a bit. Don't you think I've earned my angel cake?"

"Yes, I think you have!" Jessie frankly declared. It was evident that this young gentleman — if he *was* a young gentleman — was quite capable of taking care of himself; and she was particularly anxious to keep him with her a while

FLAGLER SUDDENLY CONFRONTS THEM ALL.

longer. "And I will wait on you myself," said she. "Or, no — here comes Teddy. He can be better spared than I. Teddy"— she addressed herself to the child who, with the small boy's faculty for always appearing shortly upon the scene, had just come up the stairs — "you run to the kitchen, please, and get a plate of ice cream — all three kinds, mind you — and some cake, on a waiter. And when he comes back," she directed Tristram, "you can sit down here on the stair and eat it. You won't go away just yet, will you?" She looked at him with the air of wishing to extract a promise.

"No," said Tristram, "I won't go away just yet."

For some minutes the company sat at the front of the platform, talking and laughing together; and Flagler, lying motionless in his hammock with nothing to do but to listen, was duly impressed by the fact that the conversation, on the whole, was not especially remarkable for its brilliancy or entertaining character — a fact which, possibly, might strike an unprejudiced listener in

very many similar cases. A turn was given to it by and by however that brought it around, after a little, to a point more interesting to our enmeshed hero and perhaps to the reader.

"How beautiful the moon is to-night!" observed one of the young ladies.

"Is that remark 'original' or 'selected'?" inquired another.

"It is what we should call at sea a 'lunar observation,'" put in Percy professionally.

And then another young gentleman ventured to declare that it was what they should call on land a — something that sounded almost the same as Percy's phrase but was not quite the same. He finished his sentence in an undertone, however; and as he seemed to lack courage to repeat it when called upon, perhaps we need not do so either. But there was a great deal of good-natured laughter.

"What light is that out there?" the same young lady presently asked, not disheartened it would seem by the fate of her former remark. "Is it Point Judith?"

The laugh that greeted this question was so genuine and unrestrained as to quite convince the speaker that she had this time said something original.

"O, no," Jessie hastened to answer, "that is only a light on shore somewhere." And then, kindly disposed to divert attention from her friend, she cried out, "By the way, you must all hear the compliment Captain Holloway paid me the other day, when he saw me waltzing. He said I reminded him of the revolving light on Point Judith. 'P'int Judy,' *he* called it. Wasn't that a fine speech?"

"Why, ye-es," one of the young gentlemen took it upon himself to answer. "Only — it's like Point Judith itself, you know. We don't quite *see* the point, at this moment."

"Why," cried Jessie, not unwilling to explain, "he meant my eyes, of course. He said they kept flashing into sight and then going out again, as my head was turned."

"Ah!" cried Percy. "Then you acknowledge that your head *is* sometimes turned?"

"O, yes; waltzing always turns it. And such a compliment as that would, if waltzing didn't. Dear Captain Holloway!" she added. She not infrequently spoke of the sailing master in terms of endearment. "I wish he was here to-night. He is one of my most devoted followers. What has he gone to Providence for, Percy?"

"Why, to get some men," replied Percy. "He went up by the half-past four train. I hope he'll be back with 'em to-morrow noon. We must have some more men at once. We've nobody but Stoddard and Doolittle, since Chiswick left."

"Humph!" said Jessie. "What is the use of hiring more men? You always turn them off as fast as you get them. There's Thomas Flagg, now."

Curiously enough these last four words, carelessly spoken and with no thought at all of the immediate proximity of the person alluded to, produced upon Flagler himself a sudden and most unfortunate effect — only to be accounted for by the fact that, fearful every moment of discovery and lying there so long and picturing to himself

the horrors of such an event, he had worked himself into a state of nervous dread entirely at variance with his usual self-possessed state of mind. Besides, Jessie as she spoke stood nearest to him of all the group and was, as it seemed to him, looking straight in his direction. It is not therefore, after all, so very much to be wondered at perhaps that as this conclusion of her sentence fell upon his ear — "There's Thomas Flagg, now" — he should in his trepidation have separated it entirely from its connection and utterly mistaken its meaning. He never doubted, at the moment, that she had suddenly discovered him, and that her words were an exclamation to that effect. And instantly, under the impulse of this belief, he started forward and sat bolt upright.

In another moment he had realized his mistake. Jessie, as his eyes now fell upon her, was turning carelessly away again. Her words, evidently, could have had no such meaning as he had supposed. His common sense, as he came now to use it, assured him that they could not, and told him what their real meaning must have been. He fell back into

the hammock again as abruptly as he had risen, believing himself still undiscovered.

But here he made a second mistake. Miss Jessie *had* discovered him, just as she was in the act of turning; and, suspecting as she already did that Thomas Flagg was somewhere about the place (indeed it was the hope of encountering him that, as much as anything, had brought her out of doors) she instantly made up her mind that this form that so suddenly started up from the hammock must be his. Her emotion now, therefore, was not so much of surprise and alarm as of mischievous delight, and she easily controlled herself. She was just the girl to appreciate a situation like this and make the most of it. "Aha!" she said to herself gleefully. "So you are there, are you, Mr. Flagg? Very well; I think I will try now and see if I cannot *draw you out*."

Percy's reply to what she herself had said gave her at once the opportunity she desired.

"Thomas Flagg!" the young commander had scornfully repeated. "You know very well my reasons for discharging Thomas Flagg."

"Yes," said Jessie, in the tone of a person who knew herself to have been all the while in the wrong and had suddenly decided to acknowledge it, "yes, I do; and I may as well confess that they are good ones." Then she went on, to the company in general, raising her voice a little and speaking with careful distinctness. "I must tell you about something that happened on board the yacht. It's a delightfully sensational and blood-curdling story, not at all like what takes place, ordinarily, in real life. It is almost inconceivable that anybody should have done such a thing, only that we have the proofs. It was one of the yacht's crew — Thomas Flagg, he said his name was — a real nice, manly, fine-looking young man, and nobody would have dreamed, to look at him, that he was such a hardened villain" —

"*I* thought so, all along," Percy interrupted. He had been listening with a good deal of wonder to her words. This was by no means the tone she had taken when she had first learned of Flagg's dismissal. But of course no one knowing the facts could persist in defending the man.

As for the "hardened villain" himself, he winced and withdrew deeper into the meshes of his hammock as he heard himself thus characterized, realizing indeed the truth that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Evidently, then, they all believed as Percy did, that he had thrown Teddy into the water. The thought gave him positive pain.

"Well," Jessie curtly replied to Percy's interruption, "none of us *ordinary* people suspected it. Please let me tell my story. You have all heard about the race — between the *Au Revoir* and the English cutter — and how we came so near winning it and then lost it after all, because we had to stop and pick up Teddy. We felt like wringing him out, too, at the time, I can tell you!" She glanced sharply at Teddy who was sitting with Tristram at the head of the stair, helping the latter eat his angel cake. "But we found out afterwards that it wasn't his fault at all; but that this wicked young man of whom I was speaking, this unprincipled, unscrupulous, unfeeling, abandoned, bloodthirsty" — Jessie paused, having rolled out these scathing epithets, one after another, in ac-

cents of profoundest horror and abhorrence. "Ugh!" cried she. "I can't think of any words bad enough to describe him."

Flagler fairly writhed now as he listened. It was bad enough to have been abused by Percy; but to lie here and hear himself publicly denounced in such unmeasured terms by this young lady — all the while knowing himself to be innocent — this was hard indeed. A feeling of bitter indignation began to rise up within him, bidding fair presently quite to displace the fear of discovery which, a short time ago, had so completely possessed him.

"Yes," Jessie continued, after allowing a moment or two for her denunciation to take full effect upon the one hearer for whose ears she was especially speaking, "we found out afterwards that this merciless wretch, Thomas Flagg — this hardened, desperate, abandoned villain" — Jessie was getting out of adjectives now and found herself obliged to repeat some of those already used — "we found out that he deliberately *threw the child overboard!* Wasn't it horrible?"

There was a chorus of little shrieks from the feminine portion of the audience and an undertone of more robust indignation from the young gentlemen.

"Yes," Jessie cried again, a little out of breath now and somewhat put to it for subject-matter, "we never dreamed at the time but that he fell over; but we found it out afterwards. The steward of the yacht happened to see him do it; and he came to us, later, and told us."

Once more Jessie paused; and — did her keen ears deceive her, or was it really a low sound, describable as something between a growl and a grunt, that came from the hammock in the corner as though some one therein had smothered an exclamation of disgust and wrath? She drew a long breath, preparing herself for another and loftier flight; but at this moment Percy, unable to refrain, again interrupted her.

"And what do you think the fellow's motive was?" cried he. "He did it just to show himself off by jumping overboard after him! Did you ever hear of such a thing, risking a boy's life for

such a purpose! And a fine hero they all made of him until I proved it against him. The scoundrel! Of course I discharged him! And if ever he shows himself in my presence again" —

There was a sudden sound and movement — this time quite unmistakable — at the other end of the platform. Two feet were heard to plant themselves squarely and emphatically upon the floor; and then from out the shadow a youthful form, bareheaded and fairly towering with wrath, strode fiercely forward and confronted them all. Percy had put the finishing touch to Miss Jessie's narrative and had unwittingly accomplished at once what the young lady herself, in spite of her resolve, might not have been able at all to do. To hear his cousin Percy, whom he despised, stand there and say of him such a thing as that — that *he*, Flagler Hamlyn, Midshipman at Large, had thrown a child overboard just to *show himself off* by jumping in after him (everybody knows how such a charge would touch any spirited boy) — this was too much. It enraged him beyond control. It brought him to his feet before he knew it.

"Well," said he, addressing himself to Percy in a voice that, although it was trembling and intense with anger, was not rudely raised at all. Flagler did not forget where he was and though something of a scene was now inevitable, he did not mean that it should be a violent one. "Well, here I am, again in your presence. Pray don't let me interrupt your sentence." His words and tone expressed the most perfect scorn and contempt, as did also his look and attitude, although something of the effect of these was lost in the imperfect light.

Percy, who had been lying back in an easy chair, had jumped up, when he found himself thus assailed, with as much alacrity as Flagler himself had shown, for a moment thoroughly amazed and confounded by this unlooked-for appearance. As for the others, the young ladies had screamed and the young gentlemen had exclaimed, and they al now stood wondering and expectant. Jessie her self was for the moment quite speechless with ecstasy. Nothing could have been better than this.

But Percy was not, after all, especially afraid of Thomas Flagg; and he felt the necessity of asserting the fact.

"I should like to know," he demanded haughtily, "what right *you* have here?"

Flagler bit his lip. There was much that he might have said, but he had fairly regained now his clear-headed self-control, and he reflected that, say what he might, he could not possibly appear to advantage in this place, and his pride and good sense urged him at once to withdraw. He made his cousin a dignified bow.

"You are right," said he, in a low, regulated voice. "I have *no* right here. And I beg the pardon of these ladies and gentlemen" — he raised his head and looked around — "for this intrusion. My excuse is simply that I could not help it. But now that I am here, I must ask you to allow me one word. I am the person, Thomas Flagg, whom you have heard spoken of — although that is not my name. I wish to deny what has been said of me. I did not throw Teddy overboard — as I could easily show. That however does not mat-

ter. Only it ought to be known that it was the steward himself who did it. He was paid for it, I think, by somebody who had bet on the race. I beg you to believe me, Miss Buckner." He turned appealingly to Jessie. "That Cuban is a dangerous man. I have reason to believe that even now he is plotting something against the yacht. I warn you against him. That is all I have to say, and I wish you all a very good evening." He made another bow and turned away.

"O, I say, Flagg," cried Teddy at the stair, "*I* never said that you threw me overboard, and I don't believe it."

Flagler grasped the little fellow's hand. "All right, my boy. Thank you! I never thought you did. Come, Tuckerman" — he took his friend's arm — "it's time we went on board."

Tristram turned to the company and, eyeglasses in hand, made a profound bow.

"If Miss Buckner will excuse me," said he.

Then the two together went down the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FALSE TELEGRAM.

THE *Casabianca's* people were sleeping late. The sun was well up in the heavens over above Fall River, and the whistles and bells and gongs of that work-a-day city were just vociferating the hour of seven as the head of Tristram Tuckerman — an odd enough looking object when thus seen apart from its connection — suddenly showed itself above the companion-way of the sloop. He nodded familiarly to the sun: "Ah, my boy; you are there, are you? You *will* persist in getting up before breakfast. Nothing but a strict enforcement of the eight-hour law will bring you to terms." He yawned and rubbed his eyes, glancing up at the tell-tale and then slowly taking a survey of the surrounding scene. "This day begins with light airs from no point of the compass in particular,

and clear weather. At seven A. M. came on deck and" — he was going on, thus making up the day's log, when all at once he interrupted himself. "Hel-*lo!* Where have *you* gone, I should like to know?" He stood, gazing in astonishment at the place where the *Au Revoir* had been lying the the night before and which he now suddenly perceived to be vacant. The yacht was nowhere to be seen. He turned and shouted the fact down the companion-way; and then, getting no response, he set to work beating a reveille upon the slide with his two fists.

"What's the matter?" came up at length in drowsy tones from below. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"The *Au Revoir* has sunk at her anchor."

"I don't care." Flagler had gone to bed the night before thinking he had had enough of the *Au Revoir* and everybody connected with her.

"She's gone down — sure — with all on board," continued Tristram.

"Humph!"

"A dead loss to the underwriters."

"Bother the underwriters!"

Flagler was now heard to get out of his bunk however; and presently he made his appearance beside his comrade. He cast a single glance toward the place where the *Au Revoir* should have been and then looked about in all directions at sea and sky.

"She must have gone out pretty early," said Tristram. "She's nowhere in sight."

"Yes," returned Flagler thoughtfully, "she must have gone out very early indeed — by twelve or one o'clock last night, I should say. There has been no wind for the last three hours, if I'm not mistaken. I wonder what it means." He turned and looked in the direction of the sail boat that had come up behind them the night before. She was lying quietly at her moorings and nobody was astir on board. "That fellow over there doesn't seem to be in any hurry about getting out," said he.

They took their regular morning plunge; and then Flagler, quickly dressing himself and seeming to have something on his mind, announced to

Tristram that he was going for a short walk, "just to get up a little better appetite for his breakfast."

"Ah," said Tristram, "then I shall of course have to get up a little better breakfast for your appetite. However, I shall be equal to the occasion. Be sure you're back in half an hour." And he cheerfully turned away to seek the society of his pots and kettles, as his friend stepped on shore.

Flagler was back in time, but he seemed moody and disturbed and scarcely did justice to the tempting repast — Rhode Island johnny cakes, eggs and coffee — that Tristram set before him. The latter rallied him at length on his spirits.

"You seem rather depressed," said he. "I hope you haven't had another interview with your lady friends or your cousin Percy?"

"No," Flagler seriously answered. "They've all gone off in the yacht. They went out between twelve and one last night, as I said. I found out from a man at the barn. It seems Percy had a telegram from his father late last night telling him to be at Newport with the yacht early this morning

if he possibly could. The telegram ought to have been received sooner. And so, as it was bright moonlight and the wind was fair, they got ready, all of 'em, and started off at once." Flagler pondered his own account of the matter a moment and then shook his head with a troubled air. It's a queer business, seems to me, when you put it all together," he added. "I don't understand it. I'm afraid something is wrong."

After breakfast, a steady breeze having now sprung up, they got under way and ran over to where the strange boat was lying. Flagler brought the *Casabianca* up into the wind close beside her, and while Tristram laid hold of her mooring line, he himself stepped over the washboard. It was evident now that no one was on board. Everything was made snug and the cabin was locked. Flagler found himself able to push back the slide a little (the lock was a padlock) and he peered in. The only object to be made out, as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, was a piece of paper lying on the cabin floor; and somehow — perhaps it was merely that, just then, his mind

was running on telegrams — it looked to him like a telegraphic despatch. He looked up at Tristram.

"Toss me my knife, will you?" said he. "You have it in your pocket, I believe." He caught the knife with one hand. "By the way, is somebody coming on shore yonder?"

Tristram turned his eyes shoreward, following the other's glance, but saw nobody. When he looked back, the slide was open and his companion disappearing down the cabin stair.

The paper turned out indeed to be a despatch — or rather a printed form on which, in an easy, running hand, an unfinished despatch seemed to be written. It was dated at Newport the day before; and under the date were simply the words:

"*Have the yacht here to-morrow morning, sure. Very impor* —"

Then a great blot ended the sentence.

Flagler held up the paper and understood it instantly. The despatch which had come to Percy last night was a false one. It had been composed and written on board this boat, and of course by

Diego and his friend. Here was a blank that they had spoiled and failed to destroy. What were they up to? Why did they wish to have the yacht sail last night, with Captain Holloway absent and no one on board save Stoddard and the man Doolittle? What had become of the men whom he and Tristram had seen the day before on this boat? All this looked like some rascally plot indeed. But Flagler did not stop now to figure it out. He thrust the paper into his pocket, relocked the cabin, and leaped on board the *Casabianca*.

"We'll go to sea at once," said he.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

JUST what Flagler believed to have happened, and what he now meant to do, it would be difficult to say. How did he know that *any*thing had happened, he asked himself as he put the boat on her course and trimmed his sheet. There was the conversation which he had overheard and of which, in point of fact, he had not been able to put any two words together; there was the presence in that vicinity of Diego's friend and the men with him, and now their sudden disappearance; and there was the false dispatch. All this, he

acknowledged to himself, was very little after all, so little that he dared not as yet say anything about it to his companion for fear of being laughed at. Of all things in the world Flagler did not want to get himself laughed at; and he felt that it would be very ridiculous indeed if he should go and make a stir about this matter and then find that there was nothing in it. And what was it, indeed, that he supposed to have happened? This was not an age of piracies and Red Rovers. If he feared anything at all it was that the *Au Revoir* had been *stolen* with all on board; and what an absurdity it was to fancy that! What could be the motive for such an act, if it could be accomplished; and how could any one possibly expect to successfully accomplish it, in these days of steam vessels and ocean cables? The lad gave a little annoyed laugh at himself as his reflections came at length to this conclusion. And then he took out the telegraph blank once more and read it, and in an instant his whole train of reasoning was upset again. "I tell you what it is!" he muttered, shaking his head fiercely,

"something *is* wrong, and I know it! And I'm going to find out what it is!" So he trimmed his sail still more carefully and kept the *Casabianca* to her course. Not that he expected the boat — sturdy little roadster though she was — to overtake the *Au Revoir;* but he meant to get to Newport as fast as he could; and then, if it should indeed turn out that the yacht was not there, he would know what to do next.

An hour later, off Portsmouth Grove, they caught sight of a sail coming up the bay which Flagler recognized the moment his sailor's eye fell upon it, as an old and well-remembered acquaintance.

"Hurrah!" he cried out, jumping up in his delight and frantically waving his hat. "If that isn't the *Xanthippe* — may I never live to go on the retired list, a Rear Admiral. Well now, this *is* lucky!"

He stood for some moments, gazing eagerly at the approaching yacht as her snow-white hull became each instant more distinctly visible, seeming to consider his course of action. Then giving

the helm to Tristram and bidding him keep her just as she was, he dove down below. When, shortly after, he reappeared, he had on his neat fatigue uniform and looked once more the brave young officer first made known to the reader. He had had enough of masquerading. Henceforth, in his intercourse with the world, he had made up his mind to appear in his own proper person.

The two vessels, both going free, drew rapidly together. At the right moment, the *Casabianca* was promptly put about and laid upon a course exactly parallel to that of the *Xanthippe;* and the latter boat, going two feet to the other's one, quickly overhauled her, and the two were presently gliding swiftly along, side by side. A weather-beaten looking personage in uniform, the sailing-master no doubt, stood at the rail, and to him Flagler addressed himself.

"*Xanthippe* ahoy! Good morning to you. Are you just up from Newport, may I ask?"

"Aye," was the response, given in a somewhat growling manner, after a moment or two of English deliberation. "We left there at half-past eight."

"Was the *Au Revoir* there when you left?"

"The *Au Revoir?*" Another pause. "No."

"And you haven't seen her — as you came up?"

"No."

Flagler's countenance fell, though this was no more than he had feared.

"You are *sure* she wasn't at Newport?" he asked again, much distressed.

"Well — d'ye think we don't know the *Au Revoir* when we see her?"

Flagler debated the matter with himself a single instant. Clearly, then, the yacht had gone down the West Passage and was bound for the open sea. This could mean nothing else. The *Xanthippe* however was swiftly passing, and he hastened to hail again.

"Is Mr. Cram on board?"

"Aye, aye."

"I want to speak with him — on important business. Can you heave to?"

There was so long a silence in response to this proposition and the cutter had passed so far ahead

when the gruff answer finally came, that our hero could not make it out at all; and suddenly realizing that his request might after all be disregarded, he called out again in great alarm that his business was of the *utmost* importance and that he *must* see Mr. Cram. The cutter stood on so long however that he had almost given up hope of her complying; then all at once, quick as a weather-vane, the two boys saw her come up into the wind, and there she lay with her sails all a-shake, impatiently waiting for them to come up.

Flagler was met at the gangway by Mr. Cram himself, a pleasant-faced, languid-mannered gentleman of thirty, with a fresh complexion and blonde whiskers, attired in morning jacket and slippers as though he had just come on deck. Flagler had seen him at the time of the race. He stepped forward and touched his cap.

"Mr. Cram, I believe," he said. "My name is Hamlyn. Mr. Percy Prettyman, whom you know, is my cousin. I have reason to think that something serious has happened to the *Au Revoir*, and I have stopped you to ask your assistance. I"—

But the Englishman, with a cordiality learned perhaps on this side the water and quite at variance with the languor of manner he had at first exhibited, had already seized Flagler by the hand and now cut short his discourse by leading him off aft where, he said, they could talk at their ease. And there seated in a luxurious deck-chair beneath an awning, our hero as briefly as possible recited his facts and his suspicions.

The listener uttered an exclamation of combined wonder and interest as Flagler finished. He spoke in a drawling way which was habitual but there was no shadow of indifference or languor in his manner now. "It's uncommon lucky that I met you," he avowed. "I'm bored to death, cruising about and doing nothing. I've just fitted the cutter out for an ocean trip — up Labrador way somewhere. We can be off after them at once." The owner of the *Xanthippe*, it was clear, had no doubt at all of the seriousness of the affair, and eagerly welcomed the prospect of change and adventure it held out. "We'll follow them," he warmly went on, "if they go to the

Antarctic Ocean. Down the West Passage, did you say? Then we'll go down the West Passage too. And we'll catch them before they get outside of Block Island. It won't be the first time the *Xanthippe* has beaten the *Au Revoir*, don't you know."

This, for the present at least, was just what Flagler wanted, and he did not stop for further words. "All right," said he heartily, "and thank you very much! I'll just speak to my friend a moment and then we'll be off."

He went to the side and was briefly explaining the matter to Tristram, sorry enough that the time had come for them to part, when Mr. Cram came up and Flagler introduced his friend.

"Tuckerman?" repeated the Englishman quickly, regarding the young man with interest. "Do you live in Providence? Look here now, I wager you a pony I can tell you what your first name is; and I never saw you before in my life, you know."

"All right," assented Tristram gravely. "I've a pony on Livy that I'm just through with."

"Wait a minute," said the other, laying his finger on his forehead and seeming to search his memory. "Let me see. Tinkham — Tantrum — Twistem — Ah! I have it. It's Tristram. Is it not?"

"I can't deny that it is," Tristram admitted.

"How do you think I knew?" he asked.

"I am sure I don't know. I wasn't aware that my reputation had preceded me across the Atlantic."

"Well, sir, it has. I met your mother and sisters in England, just before I came away. And I've heard them speak of you. Besides, I recognized your face. You all look alike."

"True enough," returned Tristram. "We all have the family beauty."

"Yes," Mr. Cram continued with interest. Evidently he retained very pleasant recollections of his meeting with Tristram's relatives. "Yes, I knew them quite well, you know. Why, I took your sisters out sailing in this very cutter."

"Is that so?" said Tristram. "Well, one good turn deserves another. Suppose now you take *me* out sailing in this very cutter. Hamlyn here tells

me he's going off to sea with you and leave me to sail my boat alone, when h e knows perfectly well that the first land I shall make will be the bottom of the bay."

"What? Eh? O, you mean that you'll go with us? Why, bless my soul," cried Mr. Cram cordially. "I shall be delighted, upon my word. But what will you do with your boat?"

"Humph!" returned Tristram. "The boat will do well enough. I'll just cast her adrift and let her go. She'll get home a good deal sooner without me than with me."

Mr. Cram laughed. "O," said he, "but I think we can do better than that for you." He looked around. "There's a coal schooner coming yonder, bound up the bay somewhere. We'll get them to take her up."

The two boys and their effects therefore were quickly transferred to the cutter and she immediately filled away again, taking the *Casabianca* in tow and presently giving the boat in charge of the schooner, which was bound to Somerset and whose captain readily agreed to do as they wished.

Then, with a constantly freshening breeze, the *Xanthippe* stood over across the bay and around the north end of Conanicut, seeming to strain every nerve as she turned her head southward at length and sprang forward, with all sail set, in pursuit of her old time adversary.

There was now ample time for talking over the matter in hand, and Mr. Cram and his two guests, sitting together aft, for some time carefully discussed it. Mr. Cram at once supplied the motive which had led to the seizure of the yacht. "It is money that they are after, you may depend upon it," he declared. "It is always money nowadays. You say Mrs. Derringer is enormously rich. And Prettyman's father, of course, has plenty of money. It's as plain as Picadilly what they've done it for. They're going to take them off to Cuba or some out-of-the-way place and keep them till they get a good round sum for giving them up. It's a daring scheme and an ingenious one; and it might have succeeded but for your finding that telegram and meeting me."

Flagler, though he accepted as entirely reason-

able the Englishman's suggestion as to the object of the scheme, was by no means as certain that it might not even yet succeed, and he intimated as much. But Mr. Cram would not hear of such a thing.

"I tell you, my boy," he enthusiastically declared, "we shall catch them sure! We can't help it, sir! We shall have them in sight before they get below Block Island; and once let the *Xanthippe* get her eye on your black yacht and you may be sure she won't take it off again. The cutter is as fond of rough water as a dolphin, and there isn't a boat of her size afloat that can beat her on it. O, I give you my word we shall catch them!"

And with this promise Flagler, for the present' was obliged to content himself.

The two boys were much interested, each in his own way, in looking about the yacht. Our hero, of course, was most occupied with the nautical peculiarities of the craft, her cutter rig, her foreign shape and build, and the (to him) novel arrangement by which the main saloon was placed

amidships. One thing about her struck him at once and gratified his professional instincts immensely. There was about all things on board, and about the way everything was said and done, something that reminded him distinctly of the discipline and practice of a man-of-war. Everything was orderly, quiet, shipshape and completely in hand. The fact explained itself to him a little later, when he learned that the sailing master, Captain Fish, was an old man-o'-war's-man — for years a quarter-master in the Royal Navy — whose value Mr. Cram had discovered and turned to his own advantage.

Inquiry was made of several vessels which they met, but no information as to the *Au Revoir* was obtained until, after a quick run, they found themselves at noon just south of Beavertail, and fell in with a small steamer that, at that season, plied regularly between Newport and Narragansett Pier. The *Au Revoir* — well known to the steamer's people — had been seen that morning at seven o'clock standing over, with a light breeze, toward Point Judith, she having apparently come down

the West Passage. This tidings, although it seemed to establish beyond a doubt the fact of the yacht's seizure, was received on board the cutter with a feeling of relief. At least something was now definitely known of the fugitive and they would not be working quite in the dark. It was decided to keep on a while longer in search of further knowledge; and at Point Judith they learned the one thing more which they especially wished to be sure of. The yacht had been seen from the light-house and her course noted; and she had gone *straight out to sea.*

There was a hurried consultation on the *Xanthippe's* quarter deck. Mr. Cram was for hurrying on at once in pursuit. "The cutter is all ready for sea — or sufficiently ready," he declared, "and as for the *Au Revoir*, we know just where she is, now, and we can have her in sight before sundown, if we keep on. But if we delay even a few hours we shall lose track of her altogether; and you might as well look for a needle in a haystack as to hope to find her again after that." Flagler himself could not but feel very much the same

way, although the plan of which, up to this time, he had thought most strongly was that of getting a steamer (perhaps a revenue vessel) from Newport, and making the chase in her. Many objections to this plan had suggested themselves however, and at length the matter was compromised by hailing a boat Newport bound, and sending a letter briefly stating what had occurred, to Mrs. Prettyman and suggesting that she telegraph to her husband and consult some competent authority at once. Then, feeling that this course really secured in the matter all the assistance and advantage which their own return to Newport would have done, our hero, with light heart and determined courage, turned his own face seaward as the *Xanthippe* continued her way, confidently believing with Mr. Cram, that before many hours they would have the *Au Revoir* in sight.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABANDONED WRECK.

THEY sighted the *Au Revoir*, sure enough, on the morning of the next day. And then for seven days and nights they followed her southward over a summer sea, with winds often baffling and uncertain but never rising to the violence of a gale, losing sight of her again and again but always regaining it, yet never, all the while, getting near enough to speak her or accomplish their purpose. A stern chase is proverbially a long one; and the two yachts, so equally matched, appeared also to be equally well handled. On the seventh day, all day long, the two vessels stood on before a steady breeze, nearer each other than they had been at any time since the race began. At sunset the wind died completely out, leaving them becalmed not half a dozen miles apart. Mr. Cram went

below giving orders that strict watch be kept and that instant advantage should be taken of any breeze that might spring up. Mr. Cram was as hopeful and confident as ever. "We've got her now just where we know where she is," he declared. "And we'll have her to-morrow, as sure as sunrise!"

Sunrise came (there had been no breeze to take advantage of during the night) but alas! the sanguine Englishman, early on deck and sweeping the horizon with his glass, quickly discovered that the object of their pursuit, so far from being "just where he knew where she was," was actually nowhere to be seen. She had utterly and unaccountably disappeared. Within the whole wide circle that bounded his view there was no sign or vestige of any vessel in sight save that, less than a mile away, and in the direction in which the *Au Revoir* had been looked for, the dismantled hull of a large vessel, water-logged and evidently deserted, lay rising and falling clumsily with the measured swell of the ocean — an object interesting enough ordinarily to the mariner's eye, but just now, in

the chagrin and disappointment caused by the disappearance of the yacht, almost unnoticed.

"She's gone, sure enough," Mr. Cram in his drawling tone at length reluctantly admitted, as he lowered his glass. "It's too bad! Upon my word it is! And how the dickens she did it, is what *I* should like to know."

"She probably had a bit of breeze down there that we didn't get," the voice of Flagler Hamlyn here answered; and Mr. Cram, turning, found the young man at his elbow. He had just come on deck and a single glance around together with the words he had heard had acquainted him with the state of affairs. "Yes, it *is* too bad," he continued, rather bitterly. "If the *Au Revoir* only lay off yonder this morning where she did last night, we would take her with a boat."

"Well," observed his companion with quickly recovered cheerfulness, "she can't have gotten a great way off, anyhow. We'll have her yet." He nodded his head with great determination.

"What is that yonder?" asked Flagler. "A wreck?"

"Yes; an abandoned hulk. We seem to have drifted down upon it during the night. It must have been lying, last night, very nearly where the *Au Revoir* was; and it lies so low in the water that we didn't see it."

"You're sure there's nobody on board?"

"O, not a soul. It's probably an old wreck — been floating about for days. There's been no storm lately." Mr. Cram raised his glass again and looked at the vessel. The instant that he fairly sighted her, he gave a slight jump and uttered an exclamation, as if somebody had unexpectedly started up before him and said "Boo!" "Bless my soul!" cried he. "There *is* somebody on board there after all — a boy." He looked a moment longer and then handed Flagler the glass.

Our hero, as his glance, aided by the instrument, fell upon the individual thus discovered on the stranger's deck, gave a start altogether more violent than that into which his companion had been betrayed. It was impossible at that distance to distinguish features or be certain of any one's identity; but there was something about the figure

TO THE RESCUE OF TEDDY

and motions of the child — he was no more — that he saw that suggested to him instantly and strongly his young cousin Teddy. The boy, as he watched him, seemed to be fastening a cloth of some sort to a stick, with which he presently moved towards a stump of one of the masts as though to lash it there for a signal. Flagler's heart beat fast as the impression he had received seemed to strengthen itself with every movement of the boy; though he kept his thought to himself, merely suggesting that a boat be sent to the wreck without delay and offering to take charge of it himself. Mr. Cram at once agreed as to sending the boat, declaring however that they would both go and that they must delay long enough to get a sip of coffee and a bite of corn-bread before they went.

In a very few minutes however the boat was lying alongside and the party — to which Tristram had now joined himself — was ready to embark. The sky was cloudless and not a breath of air flawed the surface of the sea, smooth as a mirror and as motionless save for the long, tireless ocean

swell that never ceases. They might well have been setting off for some morning excursion upon an inland lake. But Flagler, casting the cautious eye of a sailor over the boat as he stepped on board, was pleased to note the presence of the oil-skins snugly stowed away, the beaker of water and bag of biscuit, and the mast and sail laid along the thwarts. He marked with pleasure also the superior qualities of the boat herself, carefully constructed as she was with an eye to seaworthiness as well as to speed and beauty. And the manner in which the bow was shoved off, the oars tossed and then all together let fall and the boat swiftly sent away upon her course, was all that our fastidious young man-o'-war's-man could ask.

Flagler with a pair of field glasses scanned the wreck closely as they advanced, and long before they were within speaking distance he had assured himself, with a great heart-throb of joy, that the child on her deck was indeed his cousin. Teddy at least was safe; and from him, presently, tidings of the rest of the *Au Revoir's* people would be obtained. Excitedly enough he announced the

fact now to his companions and with a hearty cheer the boat dashed on.

Master Teddy stood there at the gangway as they came up, hands in his pockets, as cool as a commodore. Flagler waved his cap and shouted at him; and then, leaping first upon the deck, threw his arms about him and hugged him with all his might.

"Why, Teddy, you little *darling* you," he cried in his delight, though tears all the while stood in his eyes; "how in the world did you ever come here? Where are your sister and Percy and the rest of them, and the *Au Revoir? What* does all this mean?"

Teddy disengaged himself as quickly as possible from our hero's embrace and drew haughtily back.

"Now, see here, Thomas Flagg" — he began.

But then Flagler burst out laughing and laid hold of the young gentleman again.

"No, Teddy," said he. "I'm not Thomas Flagg at all. That was nothing but a poor joke. I'm Flagler Hamlyn, your cousin. And I'm so

glad to see you I could eat you, without salt or pepper, this minute."

Teddy now again drew back and eyed his newly announced cousin suspiciously.

"What do you mean?" demanded he.

"I mean what I say. I am your cousin, Flagler Hamlyn."

"Flagler Hamlyn the midshipman?"

"Yes."

"And is that a midshipman's uniform you have on?"

"Yes," answered Flagler, smiling.

Teddy eyed him, uniform and all, a moment longer; and then all at once he seemed to accept the fact of his identity.

"Well," he observed, with an air of gleeful speculation, "I wonder what Percy will say."

"Where *is* Percy?" Flagler asked, anxious at once to hear Teddy's story. "Are they all safe and well? Tell us all about it. How did you get here?"

But Teddy coolly put aside these questions for the moment to shake hands with Mr. Cram and

nod familiarly to Tristram. He felt himself — not without reason perhaps, considering all he must have gone through — to be a person of importance.

"How did I get here?" he at length replied to Flagler. "Well, I came here in the dinghy, which lies alongside, on the other side of this ship. You see, last night when the wind went down the *Au Revoir* was lying right off here, no farther from this wreck than you could throw a base ball. And they got out the dinghy and came aboard here to see if they couldn't get some water — they're precious short of water, I guess — and when they came back just at dark, they left the boat in the water alongside. And I just said to myself that now was my time; and I got into her and shoved off and sculled over here. You were right in sight there, you know, not five miles off; and I knew you'd be along in the morning. And that's how I got here." Teddy paused and looked calmly around at his listeners.

"You're a brave little fellow!" declared Mr. Cram. "It was an awfully risky thing to do.

"Yes," said Flagler dryly. "So risky that nobody but a child would have thought of doing it. However, all's well that ends well. We've found you, all right. And now please tell us all about it, how they took the yacht and what they're going to do."

"Well," began Teddy, "you know that night at Grayview, when you got caught so snug in the hammock — Ho, ho, ho! — After you had gone, Percy he just began to sail into you like" —

"Humph!" interrupted Flagler. "Never mind all that. I don't particularly care if Percy did sail into me. He isn't much of a sailor. You needn't go back so far as that. We know all about the Cuban, Diego's friend — and about the telegram. Tell us about their seizing the yacht."

"Now, see here, Cousin Flagler," observed Teddy with great dignity, "I came away from the *Au Revoir* and waited on board this vessel for you to come along a-purpose to tell you what had happened. And I mean to tell it myself, in my own way; and take just as much time about it as I

think necessary. If there isn't time to hear it now, then we'll wait till we get on board the *Xanthippe*."

Thereupon Master Teddy turned away with a highly offended air and went and sat himself down on the combing of a hatch. He was master of the situation of course; and his hearers at once followed him there, begging him to go on with his narrative in his own way. That narrative, however, interesting and spirited though it was, is found to be too long for reproduction here, and we trust that the young gentleman, despite his sensitiveness, will pardon us if we condense it into a few words for the reader's benefit.

The party had gone on board the yacht that night at Grayview never dreaming that anything was wrong. The telegram had been brought to Percy by Joram, the hired man, who said that a messenger from Warren had given it to him at the gate. Percy announced that he must start for Newport with the yacht at once. Probably his father had been able suddenly to arrange a race for the next day — with the *Xanthippe*, perhaps. Mrs. Derringer and the girls, hearing this, quickly

decided to go too; a midnight sail down the moonlit bay would be delightful. Nobody stayed up very long to enjoy the sail however; all were in their staterooms and asleep at two o'clock. When they awoke in the morning it was to find themselves confined to the cabin and the yacht still under way. Diego, who brought them their breakfast as usual, informed them that the vessel had been taken possession of during the night by a gang of men who had been concealed below. They had put the mate in irons and had threatened Doolittle and himself with instant death unless they obeyed orders. The yacht, he said, was already outside Point Judith and apparently making for the open sea. The feelings of the party as they listened to these astounding facts and came presently to realize their unfortunate situation may better be imagined than described; nor will it be necessary to dwell upon the miserable experience of the days that followed during which, while the yacht made her way Southward closely pursued by the English cutter, they were for the most part, still confined below, quite igno-

rant of the motive for this strange outrage and knowing not what terrible fate might be in store for them. Teddy being but a child, was, after a little, allowed to come and go as he pleased. By keeping his eyes and ears open, and talking constantly with everybody in his free, sociable way, the boy had by and by been able to arrive at a tolerably correct notion of the plans and purposes of their captors. The affair (as Mr. Cram had imagined) was nothing less than an unusually bold and audacious scheme of kidnapping; and it was the intention of those who had concocted and thus far so successfully executed the enterprise, to take their prisoners away to a certain secluded island lying somewhere on the north side of Jamaica and conceal them there, they themselves returning and demanding an enormous ransom for their release. So much of Teddy's narrative it is necessary for the reader to know. The manner of the boy's escape to the wreck has already been related.

So interested had they all been in Teddy and his story that nobody had noticed what now a gun

from the cutter suddenly and sharply called their attention to — the fact that a dark mass of vapor had during the last few minutes raised itself from the water into the western sky and was now rapidly extending itself in either direction along the horizon.

"That means wind, sure!" Flagler exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "And plenty of it, too, or I'm much mistaken."

"Yes," cried Mr. Cram. "And we shall get it in short order. We must be off at once."

A bare two minutes or so was given to the examination of the wreck, up to this moment, in the excitement about Teddy, hardly thought of (her name they found to be the *Nathalie* of Calais: her broken masts and emptied decks told them all that it was possible farther to know of her sorry story); and then they entered the boat once more and pulled with all speed for the yacht. But before they had accomplished an eighth of the distance it became evident indeed that the squall was a serious matter. Swiftly the black mass in the west widened and reared itself until now, like

a huge curtain drawn up the sky, it veiled nearly half the canopy. Already too the breath of the coming storm was seen here and there to roughen the surface of the sea; presently a puff of air was felt, then another and another; and then came a damp, unsteady breeze to which, anxious of all things now to regain their vessel, they spread their sail.

But not for them that day was a return to the yacht possible. Suddenly upon their ears fell the low, dreadful moan of the tempest, betokening its near approach at last; the sky grew blacker and blacker and the sea, now tossing itself angrily to and fro, darkly reflected its awful gloom; a flash of lightning flew across the west, and then there came the sharp, quick detonation of the tropical thunder; and then at length, all in an instant, the storm seemed to gather its might together and throw itself with a howl of terrible wrath upon the scene. Like a painted toy the boat, under the bit of sail to which there had just been time to reduce her, bent down before the blast; and then, half recovering, she drove away before it, quite

uncontrolled, through the mist and fury of the storm.

When, an hour after, the gale subsided and they were able once more to look about them, the cutter and the wreck were nowhere to be seen. They were alone in an open boat upon the ocean.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PHANTOM ISLAND.

LONE upon the ocean in an open boat.

Eight souls of them in all — the crew numbered four — crowded together into a space that scarcely allowed them to move about, with food and water enough, prudently used, to last them three days.

"A cheerful prospect, truly," Tristram pronounced it. And then he added with sudden warmth: "The idea of a great hulking, bullying squall like that going and pitching into this little bit of a boat! It's outrageous! I'll report the case at the Weather Bureau as soon as I get home."

"It may be a long day before that, Mr. Tuckerman," the Englishman said in reply, sadly shaking his head. "It is a miracle — for which we may well be devoutly thankful — that we are afloat at all; and no one can say how long we shall remain afloat. This boat will hardly weather another blow like that."

"Then may Heaven send us a renewal of the fair weather that we had before the storm!" uttered Flagler. "Though surely," he soberly added, "we may fully trust that that Power which has brought us safely through one such tempest can deliver us from another."

"O, I am by no means disposed to make myself wretched over the prospect," Mr. Cram responded. "The sky is clear again already, and the wind getting more reasonable every minute. It looks as if we should have fair weather — for a day or two, at least; and in that time we have every chance of being picked up. The cutter, if she is still above water, will make a thorough search for us, and we cannot be far out of the regular track of vessels. Besides, if the wind holds like this,

forty-eight hours' standing in our present course must, it seems to me, run us in among some of the West India Islands. O, *we're* all right!"

"Meanwhile," said Flagler gloomily, "the *Au Revoir* has made good her escape, and our chance of finding her, even should we ourselves be saved, is completely gone. I declare, it is too bad!" Bitterly enough he uttered the words. "To have so nearly gotten hold of her, and then lost her after all. What will become of my cousin Constance and the rest!"

"O, see here, don't you worry about that, my boy," Mr. Cram exclaimed, his own cheerfulness now thoroughly re-established. "All hope isn't over by any means. We shall catch them yet. I give you my word we shall."

The day was passed without serious trouble or discomfort. The sea was rough, but the boat was before the wind (which had now moderated into a satisfactory breeze) and, skilfully handled, kept herself comparatively dry. No sail was seen all day and nothing of note took place to disturb the monotony of the hours. At sunset the weather fell

calm again, as it had done the evening before. The night, as was anticipated, proved still and warm. A single watch was set, each individual being relieved at the end of an hour; so that all were able to get a fairly good night's rest.

The sun as it rose in the morning disclosed no perceptible change in the situation. The sky was cloudless, though the atmosphere was filled with a thin, peculiar haze, through which the round sun shone fiercely, red as fire.

Their scanty breakfast had been measured out and eaten and the boat's people were lying about in such places and attitudes as seemed to each most easy and convenient, when something took place most interesting and extraordinary in itself and worthy of record, and that, considering its bearing upon the fate of the little band of adventurers themselves, must be set down also as something distinctly miraculous and providential.

Flagler had gone forward and was standing in the bow of the boat braced against the mast, feeling in rather poor spirits and choosing, so far as possible, to be by himself for awhile. He was

THEY SEE THE PHANTOM ISLAND AND THE PHANTOM YACHT.

gazing absently abroad over the waste of waters, still pondering deeply the fate of the *Au Revoir*, when all at once he started violently and began to wink and rub his eyes. He had, as it seemed to him, plainly seen something; and yet he could not believe that the sight was real. It was something that looked like land and yet that lay where no land could possibly be. He looked again, half guessed the truth, and quietly called to Teddy to bring him the glass. He directed the instrument straight along their way to southward, yet it was levelled not anywhere toward the surface of the sea, nor at the horizon line, but several degrees above them both; and what he now distinctly saw was a *picture in the sky* — a painting in water colors as it were — clearly drawn and defined, the perfect semblance of a small, ocean-bound island, save that it was directly inverted so that the trees upon it, plainly to be distinguished, pointed straight downward to the sea. The sight was indescribably rare and beautiful and our hero, comprehending now its nature, thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed it; but not less was he moved by another and

more practical thought; this image above must have its reality below; and somewhere before them, not many miles distant at most, a real island must lie to which they might make their way.

"What is it you see?" Tristram now called out. "You cling to that glass like a boy to his first kaleidoscope."

Flagler laughed. "I've just made out a Phantom Island right ahead," he answered. "Come up here, you and Mr. Cram."

There was some stir all along the boat at these words, and Mr. Cram came hastily forward followed by Tristram.

"Why," the former exclaimed, even before he took the glass, "it's a mirage, is it not? Let me see." Then, with his eye to the glass, "Yes; and a capital specimen of mirage it is! I doubt if"— Then he abruptly cut himself short. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; and for once at least the expression must be allowed him; it was a truly astonishing discovery that called it forth. Then he gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle as he continued to gaze evidently much excited, through the glass. "As

true as I'm an Englishman!"— He paused again, his power of speech still seriously impaired by his astonishment. At length he suddenly forced the glass into Flagler's hands. "I say, Hamlyn, look there — quick, or she'll be behind the island — and and just tell me if I'm a sane man or not."

Our hero, much wondering in turn, raised the glass once more to the image in the sky. What was his surprise and delight to discover, gliding swiftly across the field of the glass and already disappearing behind the island itself, the figure of a vessel (also inverted) under mainsail and jibs — a sloop yacht with black hull and lofty spars, recognizable instantly and beyond the shadow of a doubt as the *Au Revoir*. He uttered a shout as he saw her, but never took his eye from the glass until she had passed from sight. Then, half mechanically, he handed the instrument to Tristram and turned to Mr. Cram.

"If you are crazy," said he, "then I am crazy too. That is the *Au Revoir*. I'm afraid the mirage is fading. Heaven send that it last long enough for us to see if she passes on beyond the island!

It looks to me as though she were close to it and meant to make a harbor."

Tristram and Teddy were permitted a brief look at the image (which was indeed already growing fainter) and then Flagler again took the glass and eagerly watched the point where, if she kept her course, the yacht must presently reappear. But minute after minute went slowly by, during which his gaze was never for an instant relaxed, and still no yacht was seen. The reflection of the island had by this time grown indistinct and it at length was no longer possible to make out any definite shape. But Flagler lowered his glass with a sigh of relief. The *Au Revoir* was certainly anchored off the island.

They talked of the matter long and excitedly. Among the crew of the boat was one old sailor who had witnessed a similar phenomenon in the Indian Ocean (the image of a ship had been seen in just this way and the ship herself afterwards spoken); and his clear recollection of certain exact facts — the distance of the image above the horizon, the angle of her masts, and the like — helped them

greatly in forming an idea as to the probable distance of the island. It could not, at the farthest, be more than twenty-five miles beyond their visible horizon. Meanwhile they carefully noted the bearings of the mirage and waited as patiently as might be for a breeze.

It came at length — at first only the stealthy footfall of a cat's-paw creeping along the water; then another and another, each stealing up behind them nearer than the last; and then the sail felt the gentle impulse of a steady breeze and the little boat started eagerly forward, the parting waters tinkling merrily, like silver bells, about her bow.

Hour after hour they sped on, faster and faster before the strengthening gale. The hot noon came and went, and the afternoon wore away. Flagler, by and by, had again taken his stand in the bow; and for nearly an hour he had faithfully scanned the horizon with anxious glass, hoping each instant to discover above the waves the rising verdure of the island. But his heart sank lower and lower as the sun continued to decline and still his watchfulness was unrewarded.

And then, all at once (oh, with what an inward cry of thankfulness did he realize the fact!), there it was! — the island! — first a mere shimmer and flash above the sunlit waters, as of a sea gull's wing or a distant sail; then a shape darker and more tangible; then, at last — yes, unmistakably and surely, the island! — the island! blessed reality of that strange, mysterious vision which the mists of the morning had revealed. He swung his cap and glass together and shouted the fact aloud. The island! The island! And three hours more, if the wind held, would carry them to its shores.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AU REVOIR CHANGES HANDS AGAIN.

LATE in the night it was, by the uncertain light of the stars, that our little boatload of adventurers carefully felt their way through the reef which enclosed the island and at length, with cautious oars (the failing wind had some time since again rendered useless the sail), drew in among the shadows that lay about its shores. They knew little of the "lay of the land," and nothing could be seen with distinctness; but there was no question of delaying. They were too anxious to know if the *Au Revoir* was really on the other side of the island; and time was too precious to be thrown away.

Nor indeed, after a brief consultation, was there any doubt as to the best mode of procedure. They could land and cross the island much more quickly than they could pull around it; but it would be

safer to keep to the boat, which would indeed probably be indispensable should the yacht be found. So, muffling the oars, they continued on, slowly groping their way along the shore and around the island's western extremity. They talked but little, in low, guarded tones; but everybody was very eager and hopeful, Flagler above all the rest. He felt confident that the yacht would be there and that the end of their long pursuit was come. She *must* be there, he constantly assured himself and would not admit to himself any possibility of its not being so. As to the outcome of the adventure beyond that, once let them find the yacht and he did not worry himself about what should follow. Great pity indeed if they three, with these four stout fellows at the oars, could not regain possession of the vessel if ever they should find themselves alongside her! The determined young hero felt almost equal to the exploit of regaining possession of her single-handed. And he was calmly and entirely certain that if he once set foot upon her deck he would never leave it alive unless the rescue of his friends should be accomplished.

As the southern side of the island was reached and they drew near the place where, if anywhere, the object of their search would be discovered, they proceeded more cautiously than ever, often laying on their oars and listening intently, hoping to catch some sound that should indicate the presence of human beings; more than once successively startled, overjoyed and then sorely disappointed as some shape, here or there in the gloom, seemed to slowly form itself into the likeness of a vessel's hull, and then, as they stole near, proved itself but a denser shadow thrown out from the shore, or a deceptive rock raising itself out of the water.

By and by however, as once again, perhaps for the twentieth time, they thus halted and listened, their care was rewarded by a sound — a sound so strange and unexpected at such a time and amid such surroundings that they sat hushed and fearful, unable to believe it real and wondering what mystic spell they were under or what marvellous property of the place could make it seem so. For along the surface of the water, from strait to seaward and apparently from some point far, far

away, suddenly there came to their ears the music of church bells, an equal, measured stroke, quite distinct and repeated over and over, breaking low and sweet and solemn upon the gentle stillness of the night, as though, in some far-off "convent by the sea," it called some band of devoted watchers to midnight prayer. For many moments, while the sound lasted, no one in the boat stirred or seemed to breathe. In awed and wondering silence they sat and listened. At length it ceased and Mr. Cram, who had laid his hand nervously upon Flagler's arm, drew a long breath.

"What does it mean?" asked he in an unnatural whisper. "Can it be that there is some land off there, some larger island; and that that is some cathedral bell?"

"I am sure I don't know," Flagler murmured, hardly knowing what to think. A dim idea of what shortly proved to be the truth had in fact flashed across his mind, but so uncertainly that he scarcely realized it.

"It must surely be a church bell," Tristram put in. "It was perfectly clear and distinct. Such

sounds are often heard a great way, you know, across the water. 'The sentinel's cry of All's Well has been sometimes distinctly heard across the Strait of Gibraltar' "— He was going on, oracularly quoting a passage from his early text-books which every school-boy will remember. Tristram could never be quite serious in the most serious situation.

But Teddy interrupted him.

"Why," he burst out in an excited whisper, unable longer to maintain the silence which, it seemed, from the very first he had purposely preserved, "*I*'ll tell you what it is! It's that cathedral clock of ours, on board the *Au Revoir* — striking twelve. Don't you remember it, cousin Flagler?"

And surely enough Flagler did remember it now and was instantly aware that what Teddy said was true. There was such a clock in the cabin of the yacht, whose striking was an especially sweet and pleasing imitation of a cathedral bell; and on a night like this, when skylights and portholes were all open, the sound had readily made its way out and abroad. But that sound and its cause were

quickly forgotten now in the thought of what its being heard at such a place and time must certainly mean. The *Au Revoir* was near at hand in the direction of the sound, probably not twenty fathoms away.

Eagerly and hurriedly, though all the while with the utmost care that no slightest sound should escape to betray their presence to a watchful enemy, they made their preparations for the struggle which, all now felt assured, was at last at hand. Flagler and Mr. Cram each had a pocket revolver, the only firearms on board; but there were the knives of the sailors, two boathooks, and the oars and stretchers; and they would outnumber their opponents and would have the advantage of taking them unawares. It was this last fact indeed upon which they chiefly relied. It was determined to avoid bloodshed if possible and even serious violence, Flagler and Mr. Cram both agreeing it was not unlikely that they might retake the yacht without either. Their plan was very simple. If possible they would get alongside and stealthily board the yacht without being seen. Teddy alone

would remain in the boat, he having with some difficulty been persuaded to do so in consideration of the title of Boatkeeper formally conferred. After gaining the deck their movements would be determined by circumstances. Should the alarm be given before they reached the vessel, they were to pull forward at once and board her as best they could. The word was gravely passed at the last moment: "We will take her quietly if we can, but we will *take her* at all hazards."

Then very slowly and as noiselessly as it was possible for a boat to do propelled by oars, they started on. Flagler, believing that no eyes would be quicker than his own to discover the *Au Revoir*, and not unmindful either of the fact that from that position he might perhaps be the first to gain the wished-for deck, had gone to the bow and anxiously his gaze was directed over the water before. He thought he saw her at length, a mere thicker mass of darkness, as it were, off to starboard. He passed the word aft; and presently there was no longer any doubt. Trust a sailor for knowing with certainty the craft he has sailed in, even under

circumstances when another can scarcely make her out at all. More slowly and cautiously still they drew near. The yacht lay broadside to them, and could now be seen by all in the boat. No light was visible of course, and no living figure; nor did any faintest sound come off to them from her decks that seemed loaded with gloom. She appeared utterly silent and deserted. There must be a watch, but there was no evidence to the fact. They felt sure that as yet they were undiscovered.

They pulled up nearly amidships. Flagler laid his hand upon the rail and peered along the deck. Still a deathlike quiet, no sign of any living being. The boat swung softly round until she lay close alongside. Flagler, as he had promised himself, was the first to spring lightly to the deck above; Mr. Cram quickly followed from the stern; and then, one after another, swiftly and silently, the rest climbed on board and they all stood there together, a dusky mass, fierce and formidable looking enough no doubt had there been light to see. They stood and listened.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody stirring," the Englishman at length whispered.

"No," said Tristram. "It's so still you could hear a terrapin drop."

"Can it be they are all below?"

"Hardly," Flagler answered. "But the watch must be napping. He's probably forward somewhere. If you will stay right here, I'll take a couple of men and hunt him up. Or perhaps I had best take three of them. The crew are all forward, no doubt."

So saying, our hero, followed by three of the boat's crew (the shoes of the party had been left in the boat), stealthily crept away forward in search of the delinquent watchman. Close by the yacht's bell, as they halted again to listen, a familiar and welcome note, the sound of a man snoring as only one heavily sleeping can do, fell upon their ears. Then, advancing a few steps farther, they came upon his prostrate form, that of a huge fellow stretched flat on his back upon the deck, his head pillowed on a coil of rope. Flagler raised his hand to the men.

"Hist!" he murmured. "Here we have him, as sound asleep as a hippopotamus. We won't disturb his slumbers just yet. You three stand right over him while I go and take a peep down the fo'k's'le hatch. If he makes a move to wake, two of you jump on him instantly, and keep him still if you can. If you can't, then the other one must hit him. I'll be back in a minute."

The forecastle hatch was wide open and through the aperture was also plainly to be heard the heavy breathing of men sound asleep. Flagler listened carefully and felt certain there were three of them —one, perhaps, being Stoddard the mate. "I'm very sorry, my friends," he murmured apologetically," but I'm afraid I'll have to put you on the lists of the Shut In Society for a short time." And he softly drew the slide to and secured it. Then he turned back to his companions.

The sleeping watchman (the man Doolittle, as it happened) had not stirred during our hero's absence. Now, while the others stood ready to seize him should he awake, Flagler knelt down and carefully searched his dress for weapons, finding

nothing however but a villainous-looking knife. The astute individual who commanded the *Au Revoir* did not permit his crew to carry firearms, it would seem. Then, at a given word, the three men threw themselves all together upon him, one of them seizing him by the throat with one hand while he planted the other firmly and squarely across his mouth. He was a powerful fellow; but so were they who thus attacked him; and indeed so much force and caution would hardly have been necessary save that it was thought desirable that he be secured without noise. As it was, he was so instantly and completely overcome and bound down by the weight and hold of the three men that he could make neither struggle nor cry; and he was quickly tied with ropes and effectually gagged.

They left him there, with one man to keep joint watch over him and the forecastle hatch, and returned to their friends. The capture had not been effected of course without any noise at all and Mr. Cram met them with an anxious inquiry as to what had taken place. He was greatly de-

lighted when he heard that the entire crew were already their prisoners.

"So far, so good," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "And so silently done that nobody else on board is the wiser. Hamlyn, you deserve a captain's commission. Well," he continued, "now for the officers — the steward and that other Cuban. Where do you suppose they are?"

Flagler pointed to an opening in the deck close by where they stood, by which, as he knew, the sailing master's and steward's state-room were reached.

"They are down here, without doubt," said he. "We need not worry about them, I think. They have no way of communicating with the crew forward; and we can easily manage them if they should come on d—— Ah! What's that?"

The sound as of somebody moving below and presently feeling their way in the dark up the hatchway stairs, had caused him thus to interrupt himself; and at the same time he seized the Englishman by the arm and motioned the others to keep quiet. The next moment a human head

and then the accompanying body appeared in sight, the individual to whom they belonged at length emerging from the opening so far as to plant one foot upon the deck before he halted, his face being turned toward the yacht's bow as though he were looking for somebody or something in that direction.

"*Hola*, there! — Antonio — Doolittle," he called out in an impatient, authoritative voice which our hero instantly recognized as that of Olazabar. "*Que esta V. haciendo allé?*" (What are you doing there?) "*Oye V.?*" (Do you hear?)

He paused, waiting for some response. The party from the boat stood motionless and scarcely venturing to breathe, directly behind him and the shortest possible distance away, ready to advance and fall upon him the instant he should fairly step forth upon the deck. But at that moment, moved by some quick suspicion or unaccountable impulse, he suddenly turned his head and saw them. He uttered an exclamation and, with quick presence of mind, would have leaped back out of sight again before Mr. Cram or Flagler,

who stood nearest, could have raised an arm to stop him. But one of the men, with a motion as swift and sure as the eyesight which had warned him of the Cuban's intention, struck him a sweeping blow with his boat-hook and he fell, quite stunned for the moment, across the combing of the hatch, where he was quickly secured.

The attacking party now, assuredly, had ample reason and, it would seem, ample time to congratulate itself. The yacht was theirs, and her captain and crew were their prisoners. There was nobody else on board save Diego the steward, and Percy and the ladies in the cabin — these all asleep below, quite unconscious of the momentous events that had so quietly taken place on deck.

"Hurrah!" cried the Englishman, though still in a guarded tone. "The yacht is ours, and hardly a blow struck. I told you we should catch 'em. I give you my word I did."

And certainly nobody was able nor wished to deny his assertion.

"We've only now to wake up the ladies and tell them the good news," he continued. "How

shall we manage it? It'll rather take them by surprise, you know. We might send down Teddy, here."

Flagler, who stood by, firmly shook his head in reply to this.

"That would not do at all," said he. "You forget that they probably think him dead, and that to suddenly see him, at this hour of the night, would be a serious shock. No," he continued, after a moment's thought, "I don't think we had best disturb them at all to-night. They are peacefully asleep and I think we had best leave them so, until morning. We've done a good night's work; and I thank Heaven for it! But we need rest. I don't feel like sleeping myself, and I and the man forward will keep the watch. The rest of you had better turn in, on deck here, at once."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW DAY.

THE young sun, leaping up out of the golden ocean ruddy and glowing as from its morning bath, glanced brightly along the tips of the waves and touched with the tints of a new and happier day the scene where, for a few hours longer, we must detain the reader. The yacht rode buoyantly at anchor off the shore, seemingly quite conscious of the fortunate change in her condition which the night had brought. The southerly trade-wind blew gently across her decks, whispering through sails and spars and cordage a sweet promise of home. And the island hard by, with its wondrous tropical verdure, its slopes

flushed with morn, its song of waking birds — so beautiful a spot it seemed, so suggestive of peace and joy and harmony, that from the heart of one who gazed upon it all thought of shipwreck and violence and the wickedness of men might well put itself quite away, as though such things had never been.

The men on the yacht's deck slept soundly on into the day after the work of the night before. Flagler Hamlyn was the first to awake. He had only lain down at three o'clock, but he had rested poorly. He was too much excited to sleep, or indeed to feel much weariness — too much excited and elated with the thought of all that had taken place and of the meeting with his friends in the morning. He sat on the rail a long time by himself, thinking it over and enjoying the beauty of the scene. And if ever he had felt the presence in the world of a Power and Love that was infinite, it was at the beginning of this day.

There was much to be done, however, and at length he aroused his companions. The two pris-

oners were first looked to. Olazabar was suffering somewhat from the blow upon his head, and he was sullen and uncommunicative. Doolittle begged to be released, declaring that he had only served the Cubans under compulsion; but this of course was not listened to.

Then the forecastle hatch was opened and Mr. Cram called to the men below, explaining to them the situation of affairs and inviting them to come on deck and give themselves up. This, at first, they gruffly refused to do. They were armed, they said, and would defend themselves to the last. Besides, they added, Stoddard was with them, in irons, and the instant they were attacked, his life should pay the forfeit. There was some hesitation on deck consequent upon this threat; but Tristram stepped forward and solved the difficulty.

"Look here," he persuasively observed, putting his head down to the hatch, "if you gentlemen prefer staying down below there, you can do it, of course. We can stand it if you can. In that case, however, the hatch will be closed, and not a

drop of food or drink will you get from now on. But if you come up at once, you shall have one of the best breakfasts that ever was: hot coffee (ah! I can smell it this minute), quick biscuit (light as soap bubbles), ham croquettes (something entirely new), fried potatoes (*Lyonnaise*), eggs in any form; any kind of meat there is on board; fresh fruit — in fact, the most *de*licious, elaborate, artistic and thoroughly satisfying repast that you ever ate in your lives or ever will. And I'll cook it for you myself. Come now, you're hungry already, you know you are. Up you come, if you're sensible fellows. We'll treat you fairly."

And the two men, after allowing their imaginations to dwell for a single moment upon the glories of the *menu* thus temptingly set forth, yielded to its charm and made their appearance on deck.

The steward alone now remained to be attended to. No fear was felt of any violent resistance on his part; and Mr. Cram and Flagler, after calling his name once or twice at the hatchway and getting no response, descended together in search of

him. Teddy, much interested in the adventure, presently followed them; the crew were mostly forward; and Tristram had sauntered aft by himself and was looking shoreward over the stern.

It was at precisely such a moment that there appeared upon the quarter deck from the main cabin a personage who, although of by no means small importance to the progress of this story, has not for some time been met in its pages. This personage was the relict of the late Captain Derringer. To explain her appearance, however, it will be necessary to go back a few minutes of time and to look in upon a circle of old acquainances assembled at a somewhat unusual hour in the saloon ot the *Au Revoir*.

The group had the appearance of having met for counsel. Mrs. Derringer was walking up and down the cabin floor, her arms folded behind her. The week that had passed, trying though it had been, had not robbed her of her air of majesty and resolution. Constance sat at the table, her head resting on her hand, looking pale and sad. Jessie had thrown herself into an easy chair with an ap-

pearance of listless discontent. Percy, stretched full length upon the lounge, looked as supercilious and haughty as ever; but he was pale and worn like his sister, and his dress and general appearance lacked something of that spruceness and elegance which we have been accustomed to see.

"So long as the *Xanthippe* was in sight," Mrs. Derringer was saying, "I had great hopes of a rescue and I would not hear to such a thing. But now, since we seem likely to see no more of the cutter, and since — since poor Teddy was lost," — she glanced feelingly at Constance whose face was instantly buried in her hands — "I confess I feel differently. I have been thinking about it ever since three o'clock this morning; and I think I have made up my mind to it. And if it is to be done at all it ought to be done at once — before we leave this island."

"I'm very glad, aunt Alec," Percy languidly observed, "that you have come to share my view of the matter at last. You know that I have been in favor from the very first of buying the rascals off."

Mrs. Derringer cast upon her nephew a withering glance.

"I am quite aware," she answered, "that you have been ready to give my check to any amount at any time in order to get yourself safe home again."

"But, Mrs. Derringer," Jessie now asked, "do you really suppose that these men, having brought us so far, will take us back again for money — and that simply upon your promise to pay it to them? For of course you could give them nothing more than your promise until you got home."

"Most certainly I do," was the reply. "Money, of course, is their object. And as for my promise" — Mrs. Derringer drew herself up — "if I promise them the money, they will get it. My word is as good as my bond."

"O," said Percy, with superior knowledge, "they would not have to depend upon your word at all. That isn't the way such things are done. They will hold on to us until they get their money, you may be sure. They will probably send some one.

I presume it can be arranged by means of checks. You see they have us completely in their power; and sooner or later we shall be obliged to accede to their demands, whatever they are."

"We shall *not* accede to their demands, whatever they are!" Mrs. Derringer emphatically declared. "I do not intend to be imposed upon. They will find that I am not an inexperienced woman. I took sole charge of the affairs of the late Captain Derringer during the last years of his life."

"I have no doubt of it," Percy remarked, *sotto voce.*

"Of course they will demand a very large sum at first," the lady pursued. "But I shall insist upon reasonable terms. I shall make a good bargain. You can always beat people down in these days."

"They don't deserve a single cent," Jessie exclaimed indignantly.

"Oh!" Constance burst forth in a broken voice. "Don't let us talk about what they deserve. They will never get their deserts. Let us do any-

thing — give anything — to get away from these terrible men. What is money at such a time, aunt Alec? I am sure my father will pay any amount to get us back. O, what shall I tell him about Teddy! How can I ever go back to them without him!" The poor girl laid her head upon the table and for several moments no sound was heard save her low sobbing.

Then Mrs. Derringer seemed to make up her mind to immediate action.

"The matter shall be settled without further delay," she said. "Whatever you may say, Percy, I have not a particle of doubt that I can go on deck this minute and make an arrangement in some way with these men by which they will agree to take us back at once. And for your sake, Constance, it shall be done. After all, as you say, what is money at such a time. I have a great deal of it; and I had already made up my mind that what I had should go to you" — she was still addressing Constance — "eventually. Yes; I see the hatch is open. I will go on deck at once and demand to see the chief of the pirates.

TRISTRAM RECEIVES MRS. DERRINGER.

You can all remain right here until I return. I shall have no more words with him than are absolutely necessary."

So saying, she turned away and resolutely ascended to the deck.

The first person she saw was our friend Tristram, standing with his back towards her, looking off to the island. He was slow of hearing and did not notice her step, nor the little cough she presently gave to attract his attention; so she at length found herself obliged to speak.

"Good morning," she said sharply.

He turned around at this and recognized the lady at once, though he had never seen her before. He took off his hat and returned her salutation. He was not a handsome person as the reader knows; but with his eyeglasses and his student air, he was far from looking the conventional pirate. Mrs. Derringer however took little account of this.

"I should like, if you please," she said very freezingly, "to see the — the person who commands this vessel."

"Ah," returned Tristram gravely, not quite

pleased with the lady's manner and disposed to resist it in his own good-humored fashion, "the person in command of this vessel? I fear, madam, it will be difficult to say at this moment just who that person is. I myself seem to be just now the officer of the deck."

Mrs. Derringer's manner hereupon became, if possible, still more frigid.

"My business," said she, "is not with any inferior, but with the Chief himself. I allude of course to the — the foreign person whose name, unless I am mistaken, is Olazabar."

"Ah!" Tristram again replied, and then took off his eyeglasses and thoughtfully regarded them. Here, it would seem, was the proper moment for enlightening the lady as to the true position of affairs; but he felt that to his friend Hamlyn fairly belonged the pleasure of first announcing their rescue to the prisoners; and moreover he was by no means insensible to the delights of a situation wherein he was thus coolly taken for a pirate. "Ah, it is Señor Olazabar, then, whom you wish to see?" he therefore said.

Mrs. Derringer inclined her head.

"I am profoundly sorry, madam; but — well, the truth is" — Tristram never allowed himself to invent his facts in times like this, but it must be confessed that he was not above distorting them — "the truth is, madam, that Señor Olazabar, at the present moment, is — a — is somewhat closely confined, and — a — I fear it would be impossible for him to see you. Could not your business be done with me? I do assure you that he is not likely to set aside any orders that I may see fit to give."

But Mrs. Derringer emphatically shook her head. She must see the pirate chieftain himself. Her business was of the utmost importance. And indeed it was very pressing business, and must be attended to at once. She *must* see him, without delay. If he could not come to her, she would go to him. Where was he? Was he on deck? Ah! She saw by Tristram's manner that he *was* on deck. Then let her be led to him at once — *at once!* And our young Sophomore, finding himself utterly unable to resist so imperative a mood,

having first politely offered her his arm (which she loftily refused) reluctantly preceded the lady forward, and at length, with a wave of the hand, ushered her into the very presence of the captive "chieftain" as he lay fast bound upon the deck.

Mrs. Derringer drew back with an expression of dazed astonishment upon her face which words can scarcely describe, looking from Olazabar to the other prisoners, then to the men who stood smiling by, and then to Tristram himself.

"What does this mean, sir?" she demanded of the latter in somewhat faltering accents.

"It means," said Tristram, unable to longer withhold the truth, "that the *Au Revoir* (like the politicians when they want a renomination) is 'once more in the hands of her friends.'"

At this moment a disturbance was heard behind, and turning, lo, there was Mr. Cram and Flagler coming up from the "kitchen hatchway" driving the steward ingloriously before them at the point of a boat-hook, while Master Teddy himself brought up the rear of the procession,

noisily taking to himself a large portion of its triumph. Mrs. Derringer (as Tristram afterwards took the liberty to observe) was "too much of a man" to faint; but a wild and distinctly feminine shriek she certainly did utter. And it is with no thought of saying anything to the good lady's discredit that it is added here that the tears ran down her cheeks like rain as, with Teddy in her arms, she listened to a brief recital of all that had taken place.

It only remained now to acquaint those in the cabin with the facts. Teddy was for rushing off at once and announcing in person the important fact of his own safety; but he was forcibly restrained, and Mrs. Derringer went down first by herself, the rest of the party impatiently waiting within call.

Mrs. Derringer found the two girls and Percy as disconsolate as she had left them; but her first words, coupled with a very noticeable alteration in her voice and manner, wrought an instant change in their demeanor.

"O, my dear children," she cried, "I have the

best news for you in the world — the very best!" And she went straight to the side of Constance and took her by the hand.

Constance looked up at her with a half frightened, half wondering air.

"O aunt Alec," she whispered, "can it be — is it — can it be — *Teddy?*"

"Yes, my dear, it is Teddy. He is safe, and on board the yacht. And" —

But at that instant, before anything more could be said, Master Teddy himself came tumbling down the companion way, three steps at a time, to confirm his aunt's words; and the scene in the yacht's cabin suddenly became one of such tumultuous rejoicing as quite surpasses the writer's power of reproduction.

Then, mid continued joy and wonder, the rest was told. Their friends had overtaken them, after all; the yacht had been recaptured; they were free. Yet not quite all was told, either. Mrs. Derringer had kept back one thing; and Teddy, knowing little chap that he was, had promptly fallen in with her thought.

"Of course it was the *Xanthippe* and Mr. Cram that did it," the lady said, "but they would never have known about it, and never found us, and never recaptured the yacht from the pirates but for a certain brave young naval officer who has shown himself a most wonderful person all through. You must see him and thank him at once. Teddy"—she gave the boy an odd look which Jessie alone took note of—"you go up and ask him to come down. And be sure he comes alone; we're not quite ready yet for the others."

Teddy at once obeyed so far as to go up the stairs to the opening and beckon to Flagler from there. Then he came back, and presently another form darkened the hatchway and slowly descended the stairs. Nothing of this newcomer could be plainly seen until he advanced a few steps toward the table and halted there, cap in hand, with the sun's rays reflected from the skylight above, falling full upon his short-cut, curly hair. His face was flushed and happy, and he never looked handsomer or braver in his life than he did at this

minute, in his midshipman's dress of blue navy cloth trimmed with its plain black braid. Everybody recognized him at the same moment, and there was a general outcry. For it was Thomas Flagg.

"Constance — Percy," Mrs. Derringer now said, "I wish to make you acquainted with your cousin, Flagler Hamlyn. Jessie, let me introduce to you my nephew, of whom I am very proud. You have all known him, heretofore, under a different name and in a different position, which he chose to assume for the sake of a little sport. We all have to thank him for the service he has done us, though we never can thank him enough. And you, Percy, have to beg his pardon also for the injustice you have done him."

This rather lengthy speech had given the young people time to recover somewhat from the surprise which this disclosure might well cause them, and they stepped forward now and heartily greeted our hero. Percy came first; and whatever may have been his real feeling, it must be acknowledged that he behaved himself, outwardly, very well.

"I haven't quite got this cousin business through my head yet," he said, shaking Flagler by the hand, "but if aunt Alec says you are our cousin, I suppose you must be; and I'm extremely glad to see you here, as you may well suppose. I don't know what would have become of us if you hadn't come. As for that matter of Teddy's falling overboard, I do beg your pardon most sincerely; but I wouldn't have thought what I did, not a minute, you know, if I had dreamed who you really were."

Then Jessie took his hand; and there was a roguish laugh in her black eyes as she said: "I'm very glad to see you, too, Mr. Hamlyn. It was getting to be very tiresome, being carried away by pirates. But you must not think that this disclosure of your identity is quite so much a surprise to me as to the others. I had seen you before I met you at Newport." And then Flagler knew that Jessie had remembered all the while the meeting on the train.

But it was his cousin Constance's greeting that he cared for most and that touched him most deeply.

"Somehow or other," she said sweetly, raising her eyes, blue and true, to his, "it does not seem so very strange after all, that you have turned out to be our cousin. It seems that you are only just what you used to be long ago when we knew you — as brave and kind and good as you can be. And I want to tell you that *I* never for a moment believed as Percy did about Teddy; and Oh! I am thankful to you as I can be for what you did then and for what you have done now. I shall never, never forget it. I"— And then the girl's voice failed her and she could say no more; but the warm pressure of the hand she gave him told him all that words could have uttered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. DERRINGER'S WILL.

ANOTHER week had passed quickly away. The *Au Revoir* was back once more in familiar waters. Block Island lay over the rail astern; Breton's Reef light-ship was in sight ahead; and over beyond the blue line of the land the eager eyes of the returning voyagers already distinguished the spires and roofs of the "haven where they would be." It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the wind was light and adverse; but they still hoped to get in before night. Everybody was on deck and, in spite of their impatience to get home, all were quietly enjoying the sail. Flagler was at the wheel; the rest were seated about, Mr. Cram and Percy, intent upon a game of chess, being the only busy ones.

"This seems just like old times, when we went

on our cruise up the bay," Constance dreamily observed, "only that Mr. Cram is with us now, and — and Cousin Flagler." She looked up at Flagler and smiled.

"Dear me," cried Jessie. "I hope you don't call those 'old times' — only three weeks ago or so."

"Yes," said Constance. "But think how much has taken place during those three weeks. I am sure it *seems* a long, long time since we left Grayview."

"It seems to me like a horrible dream," declared Jessie, "and I never want to hear it mentioned or think of it again."

"I say, Mr. Cram," Teddy here raised his voice to inquire, "where do you suppose the *Xanthippe* is at this minute?"

"O, I don't know," answered the Englishman, not looking up from his game. "Still cruising about down there looking for her boat, perhaps."

"Who knows," said Flagler, "but she may pick it up yet, with Olazabar and the rest of them in

it. Those fellows are not likely to remain long on the island. We ought not to have left them any boat. And, indeed, we ought not to have left them on the island at all. Such a crime as theirs ought not to be let go unpunished, and it was our duty to bring them home with us and deliver them up to justice. But you ladies declared you would not sail on the yacht with them on board."

"We have sailed with them quite enough already," said Mrs. Derringer.

"Well," cried Constance, "all that is over now, so don't let's talk about it any more. We shall be safe home again now before very long at the farthest."

"O, for a fair wind!" sighed Tristram.

"*This* is a fair wind," observed Miss Buckner contentiously, "for those who are going the other way."

"Yes," said Tristram, "but it's not fair for us. And if it be not fair for me, what care I how fair it be?"

And so they talked on, Mrs. Derringer, how-

ever, it might be observed, taking little part in the general conversation, she seeming to have some subject in mind of which she was this afternoon especially thoughtful. It came out by and by what this subject was.

"I have learned one thing from this experience of ours," the lady exclaimed with some emphasis, in the midst of a silence that after a while had fallen upon the group. "And that is," she went on, "that nobody has any right to put off making their will. We never know what may happen to us; and we ought to attend to such matters while it is in our power to do so. That is one reason I am so anxious to get back. I am fully determined that not another day shall go by after we have landed without my will being made, signed and sealed."

This announcement was not without interest certainly for at least a portion of those who heard it; but nobody seemed to feel called upon to make any response, and the speaker presently continued the subject with increased solemnity of manner.

"And it has seemed to me entirely well and proper," she went on, clearing her throat and raising her voice a little, "that I should say something to you who are here, after all that we have gone through together, as to what has become my particular intention in this — this matter of the disposition of my property. I came East a few weeks ago for the especial purpose of making the acquaintance of my grand nephews and nieces, hoping to find among them some one who would prove worthy to be my heir. I have not been disappointed."

Mrs. Derringer paused. The company still continued silent, though its curiosity was evidently aroused. A close observer would have noticed that Percy's face, as the last sentence was uttered, became suddenly as red as the men on his own side of the chess-board. Perhaps Mrs. Derringer herself was such an observer, for her eye was fixed keenly upon him as she now once more resumed.

"No," she repeated, "I have not been disappointed. Such a one as I wished I do believe I

have found among them — one of my nephews — one whom, during the last four weeks, I have seen thoroughly tried under all sorts of conditions and circumstances, and who, I am quite sure, is in every way worthy of my choice. No, Percy, you are right." This was said as Percy with a sudden movement brought his hand down upon the Paris chess-board with such force as to cause the men to rattle in their places, although it could not dislodge them. "It is not to *you* that I refer. It is of my *other* nephew that I speak, he whom all of us here have come to know and love for the hero that he is — Flagler Hamlyn." The good lady — whose intention certainly was always good, whatever may be said of her manner of carrying it out — arose to her feet as she concluded, and laid her hand affectionately upon our hero's shoulder.

Flagler, so far as he at all realized, at the moment, the meaning of the use of his own name in this connection, was completely taken aback, and knew not what to do or say. He was very glad when the others began to laugh and joke about

the matter, as they now did, thus making it possible that he himself should for the present pass it lightly off as of the nature of a jest. He laughingly accepted the congratulations which were tendered, and professed himself very anxious that the wind should increase, so that they might get home before his aunt Alec changed her opinion of him.

"Come, Tuckerman," he cried to his friend, "you are a singer. Can't you sing us a song that will bring us a breeze?"

But Tristram shook his head. The only song he knew that had any wind in it, he said, was "Blow ye winds of the morning." And he feared it was too late in the day for that.

Aunt Alec's words had not been spoken in jest, however, as was shown by her sudden appearance the very next afternoon, will in hand, upon the porch of the Prettyman mansion, where the reunited and happy family was once more assembled.

"I have here," she announced, unrolling the

document, "my Last Will and Testament, all written out and ready for my signature. In it I have left the bulk of my property, real and personal, to my nephew, Flagler Hamlyn. You all know my reasons for doing so and, I think, approve them. I wish to sign it, here, in your presence. But before I do it, I wish to impose upon my nephew himself a single condition — which will, I am sure, seem to him a very easy one. I wish him to leave the Naval School and give up all thought of following the sea." She looked at Flagler and smiled. "This I ask him to do," said she, "for the sake of his old aunt who has come to love him, and who means, by and by, to give him all that she has."

Flagler had gotten up from his chair and come forward a step or two, and he now took Mrs. Derringer by the hand.

"Dear aunt Alec," he said, in his sincere, manly fashion, "I thank you with all my heart for the affection you have shown me, and the good opinion you seem to have of me. Believe me, I value them more than anything else you could give me.

As for the money, I do hope that you won't do about it as you say. I do not feel that I deserve it, or have any right to it; and it would always seem to me as though I had robbed those who had at least an equal claim upon you with myself. And about my resignation from the navy — if it depended upon that — it is absolutely impossible that I should think of such a thing. I have chosen what I believe to be the grandest, noblest profession that there is; I have partly fitted myself for it, and I hope to excel in it; I love it, and I'll never leave it of my own will, so long as I'm a sound man. Nothing in the world could persuade me to do that."

It was quite evident that the young midshipman knew his own mind in this matter and was not likely to change it. But Mrs. Derringer, as the reader knows, had a mind of her own also; and she did not remit her condition or modify it in any way.

"Very well," she firmly declared. "Then I shall have a new will written out to-morrow with Constance's name inserted in the place of yours."

And Flagler's face, as he listened to this determination, plainly showed that he was satisfied to have it so.

And who shall say but that some day, when our midshipman shall have passed his examinations for promotion and come back once more the handsome, brave, all-conquering lieutenant we know he will grow to be — who shall say but that it will all come to the same thing, after all?

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